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Converse generally sold his arrangements  
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years or so later.  
near first folio.

Howell L. Williams

Howell L. Williams

# CONVERSE'S BANJO SONGS

A Choice Collection of Popular and  
Standard Songs for the Banjo.

ARRANGED BY

## FRANK B. CONVERSE.

SYLVADORA.	YRADIER	25	SKATING ON THE ICE.	BILLY CARTER	25
ONE KISS MORE.	F. THOMAS	35	MERRY FAT BOYS. (THE)	DAVIES	25
CROSSING O'ER THE RIBBER JORDAN.	TOM TUCKER		LARDY DAH!		
MANOLA. (LA)	P. HENRION	25	JUST IN TIME.	G.W. HUNT	25
BOLD FISHERMAN. (THE)	G.W. HUNT	25	AWFULLY AWFUL.	(SCOTCH)	
I'M A DANDY, BUT I'M NO DUDE.	W.H. BRAY	30	COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.	BILLY CARTER	30
LITTLE GERMAN HOME ACROSS THE SEA.	WAGNER	25	LOVE IS SUCH A FUNNY THING.	W.S. MILTON	
PALOMA. (LA)	YRADIER	25	BARNEY MCCOY.	H.W. BALFE	
SWEET EVELINA.	T.B.B. SHOP		THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.	STEPHEN ADAMS	35
WATERFALL. (THE)	ERNEST SIMON	25	NANCY LEE.	F. CAMPANA	
LORELEI. (THE)	SILCHER		SPEAK TO ME.	STAMFORD	
ANNA SONG. (FROM 'NANON').	GENEE	25	WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT.	TABRAR	30
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.	CRAMER	25	TING TING.	(IRISH)	
ROSA LEE.	F.B. CONVERSE	25	LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.	J.G. EVANS	25
LEANING ON THE GARDEN GATE.	GEIBEL	25	BELLE OF BALTIMORE.	WM. CLIFTON	25
COQUETRY.	F. BELASCO	35	DEAREST MAE.	NEGRO	30
SAILING ON DE GOLDEN STREAM.	G. MARKS		STOP DAT KNOCKIN'	CH. BLANPHIN	25
SAILING.	W.T. WRIGHTON	30	WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING ANNIE DEAR.	(SCOTCH)	
HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.	COLLEGE SONG	30	ANNIE LAURIE.	H. PONTET	30
MERMAID. (THE)	COLLEGE SONG	30	TIT FOR TAT.	E. CLARKE	30
NEVER MIND.	W. LLOYD	30	TOMMY DODD.		
BINGO OR BALM OF GILEAD.	YRADIER	25	OH, AIN'T I HAVING A DAY.	W.H. BRAY	30
HOT CORN.	S.C. FOSTER	25	PAPAS BABY BOY.	E.P. CHRISTY	30
PRETTY LIPS.			CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.	JOHN COOKE	
AY CHIQUITA.			SO MUCH THE BETTER.		
OH, SUSANNA.			MODERN TIMES.		
OLD BLACK SNOW.	(IRISH)	25	SWEET JENNIE, NEAT JENNIE JOHNSON.	HARRY HUNTER	30
PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW. (THE)	(SPANISH SONG)	25	FAIR BULGARIA AND THE BIG BARBARIAN.		
MY PEPITA.	NORTON	25	DOWN WENT THE CAPTAIN.	H. ROYLE	25
JUANITA.			LEANING ON A BALCONY.		
HER AGE IT WAS RED.	VIVIAN	25	OH, YOU LITTLE DARLING.	T. TABRAR	25
TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.	LEE	25	OVER AND OVER AGAIN.	G. LE BRUN	30
HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL.	WAKEFIELD	25	SINNERS PUT ON DE GOLDEN UNIFORM.	W.H. BRAY	25
NO, SIR.			LUCY NEAL.	NEGRO	25
HISTORY OF DE WORLD.			NANCY TILL.	NEGRO	25
CAMPTON RACES.	COLLEGE VERSION	25	LITTLE FISHERMAIDEN. (THE)	LUDOLPH WALDMAN	25
LITTLE WEE DOG.	COLLEGE SONG	25	CALL ME THINE OWN.	HALEVY	30
POOR THING.			MARIE HAD A LITTLE LAMB.	COLLEGE SONG	
WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE.	S. LOVER	25			

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# INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE
Anna Song (From "Nanon.") . . . . .	21	Manola (La) . . . . .	<i>P. Henrion</i> 8
Annie Laurie (Scotch.) . . . . .	85	Ma-ri had a little Lamb (College Song.) . . . . .	115
Awfully awful . . . . .	<i>G. W. Hunt</i> 66	Mermaid (The) (College Song.) . . . . .	35
Ay Chiquita . . . . .	<i>Yradier</i> 44	Merry Fat Boys (The) . . . . .	63
Barney McCoy . . . . .	<i>W. S. Milton</i> 69	Modern Times . . . . .	97
Belle of Baltimore . . . . .	<i>J. G. Evans</i> 78	My Pepita (Spanish Song.) . . . . .	49
Bingo. Balm of Gilead (College Song.) . . . . .	39	Nancy Lee . . . . .	<i>Stephen Adams</i> 72
Bold Fisherman . . . . .	<i>G. W. Hunt</i> 10	Nancy Till . . . . .	111
Call me thine own . . . . .	<i>Halévy</i> 114	Never mind . . . . .	38
Camptown races (College Version.) . . . . .	58	No, Sir . . . . .	<i>Wakefield</i> 55
Carry me back to old Virginny . . . . .	<i>E. P. Christy</i> 95	Nuem, Nuem, Nuem . . . . .	<i>A. Lloyd</i> 42
Come to the Dance . . . . .	<i>P. Henrion</i> 8	Oh, aint I having a day ! . . . . .	90
Comin' thro' the Rye (Scotch.) . . . . .	67	Oh Susanna . . . . .	46
Coquetry . . . . .	<i>Geibel</i> 26	Oh, you little Darling . . . . .	<i>J. Tabrar</i> 106
Crossing o'er the Ribber Jordan . . . . .	<i>Tom Tucker</i> 6	Old Black Snow . . . . .	47
Dearest Mae . . . . .	<i>Wm. Clifton</i> 79	One Kiss more . . . . .	<i>F. Thomas</i> 5
Dove (The) . . . . .	<i>Yradier</i> 16	Over and over again . . . . .	<i>G. Le Brun</i> 107
Down went the Captain . . . . .	<i>H. Royle</i> 102	Paloma (La) . . . . .	<i>Yradier</i> 16
/Fair Bulgarian and the big Barbarian (The) . . . . .	100	Papa's Baby Boy . . . . .	<i>Will H. Bray</i> 92
Gospel Train (The) (Hampton Students.) . . . . .	83	Poor thing . . . . .	60
Her Age it was Red . . . . .	51	Pretty Lips . . . . .	<i>A. Lloyd</i> 42
Her bright Smile haunts me still . . . . .	<i>W. T. Wrighton</i> 34	Pretty Maid milking her Cow (The) . . . . .	48
'His Heart was true to Poll . . . . .	<i>Lee</i> 54	Rosa Lee . . . . .	22
History ob de World . . . . .	56	Sailing . . . . .	<i>Godfrey Marks</i> 32
Hot Corn . . . . .	41	Sailing on de Golden Stream . . . . .	<i>F. Belasco</i> 28
How can I leave thee . . . . .	<i>Cramer</i> 22	Sinners, put on de Golden Uniform . . . . .	<i>Will H. Bray</i> 108
I am going away, Norah darling . . . . .	<i>W. S. Milton</i> 69	Skating on the Ice . . . . .	<i>Billy Carter</i> 62
I'll wait, love, for thee . . . . .	<i>J. Van Loan</i> 29	So much the better for you . . . . .	<i>John Cooke Jr</i> 94
I'm a Dandy, but I'm no Dude . . . . .	<i>Will H. Bray</i> 12	Speak to Me . . . . .	<i>F. Campana</i> 73
Juanita . . . . .	<i>Norton</i> 50	Stop dat knockin' . . . . .	80
Just in Time . . . . .	65	Sweet Evelina . . . . .	<i>T. B. Bishop</i> 18
Keep in de Middle ob de Road . . . . .	<i>Will S. Hays</i> 30	Sweet Jenny, neat Jenny Johnson . . . . .	<i>Harry Hunter</i> 98
Lardy Dah ! . . . . .	<i>Davies</i> 64	Sylvadora . . . . .	<i>Yradier</i> 3
Leaning on a Balcony . . . . .	104	Ten Thousand Miles away . . . . .	<i>Vivian</i> 52
Leaning on the Garden Gate . . . . .	<i>F. B. Converse</i> 24	Then you'll remember . . . . .	<i>M. W. Balfé</i> 71
Little Fisherm maiden (The) . . . . .	<i>Ludolph Waldman</i> 112	Ting, Ting . . . . .	<i>Tabrar</i> 76
Little German Home across the Sea . . . . .	<i>Wagner</i> 14	'Tis the Last Rose of Summer (Irish) . . . . .	77
Little wee Dog (College Song.) . . . . .	59	Tit for Tat . . . . .	<i>H. Pontet</i> 86
Lorelei (The) . . . . .	<i>Silcher</i> 20	Tommy Dodd . . . . .	<i>E. Clarke</i> 89
Lost Forever . . . . .	<i>Yradier</i> 44	To ring those charming Bells (Hampton Students.) . . . . .	37
Love is such a funny thing . . . . .	<i>Billy Carter</i> 68	Waterfall (The) . . . . .	<i>Ernst Simon</i> 19
Lucy Neal . . . . .	110	What will you do, Love . . . . .	<i>S. Lover</i> 61
		When the Corn is waving, Annie dear. <i>Ch. Blamphin</i> . . . . .	84
		Where was Moses when the Light went out? <i>Stamford</i> . . . . .	75

# PREFACE.

## CONCERNING TUNING, READING, AND THE PITCH.

In the preparation of this work the key of C has been observed as the pitch of the instrument, and the arrangements written in, which on the banjo are called the "easy keys." When admissible, the original keys have been retained, and in the exceptions the endeavor has been to transpose to the most favorable keys consistent, as well with easy accompaniments.

Owing to the great variety in voice registers, it will, in some cases, be found desirable to establish some pitch other than C, and this can be quite easily determined by carefully testing the range or register of the voice with the aid of a tuning-fork, pitch-pipe, or piano.

### THE BANJO TUNED TO C (PIANO).

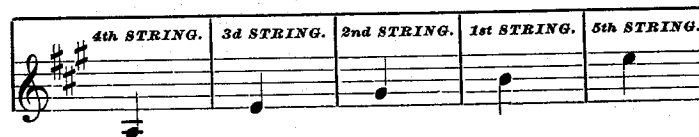


NOTE. The true pitch of the Banjo is one octave lower than is represented by the G clef, and, if correctly shown, the notes would have to be written upon a lower — the F or bass clef, but the G clef only is used for either Banjo or Guitar music.

### \*READING BANJO MUSIC.

From "early times" the letters A, E, G $\sharp$ , B and E have been employed to name respectively the fourth, third, second, first and fifth strings, the letters defining the intervals as well, and establishing, theoretically, the key of A, quite irrespective of the pitch; and hence it may be inferred that, as it relates to reading, *changing the pitch does not change the name of the strings*: that is to say, A (the fourth string), pitched to *any* degree of the scale, would still be read as A; E (the third string) as E, and so of the others. To illustrate:—With the strings pitched as shown above (C piano), their representative notes would still be written and read as follows:—

### THE STANDARD KEY OF THE BANJO.



### THE CAPO D'ASTRO.

The Capo d'Astro is a very convenient little appliance used to press and firmly retain the strings at any desired fret. It is held in position by a small tightening screw. By its use the pitch of the banjo may be raised throughout, excepting the fifth string, which must be tuned, and it may often be advantageously employed for obtaining the pitch of a particular song which otherwise would necessitate an entire re-tuning of the instrument.

\* From Frank B. Converse's "Revised and Enlarged Analitical Banjo Method," published by S. T. GORDON & SON.

## SYLVADORA.

YRADER, Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

By permission.

1. Syl - va - do - ra, maid en - tranc - ing, From the sun - ny land, ..... Eyes so  
 2. Syl - va - do - ra, fair and smil - ing, Leave the sun - ny lea, ..... Come and

dark and grand, ..... By the zephyrs fanned, ... Syl - va - do - ra, gaily  
 dance with me, ..... Glad for - ev - er be ..... Syl - va - do - ra, ne'er be

dan - cing, with a grace di - vine! Syl - va - do - ra, sweetly glancing, Tell me thou art  
 lone - ly! For my heart is thine! Syl - va - do - ra, 'tis thine on - ly, Tell me thou art

mine! ..... From thy lips, like ro - ses fair, let me win sweet kisses  
 mine! ..... Let us dance the mer - ry round, while our dear - est joy is

rare, From thine eyes for - ev - er bright, Let me drink Love's hap - py light.  
 found, Syl - va - do - ra, maid so fair, Rapture we will fond - ly share.

Syl-va-do - ra, maid en-tranc-ing, from the sun-ny land,..... Eyes so  
Syl-va-do - ra, fair and smil-ing, leave the sun-ny lea,..... Come and

dark and grand,..... By the zeph-yrs fanned,..... Syl - va -  
dance with me,..... Glad for - ev - er be!..... Syl - va -

do - ra, gai - ly dan-cing with a grace di-vine!..... Syl-va-do - ra,  
do - ra, ne'er be lone-ly! For my heart is thine!..... Syl-va-do - ra,

sweet - ly glance-ing, Tell me thou art mine.....  
'tis thine on - ly, Tell me thou art mine.....

1. 2.

# ONE KISS MORE.

5

F. THOMAS, Comp'r

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Allegro moderato.

1. Eyes are bright,
2. Young men list,
3. Years roll on

teeth are white, Pret-ty cheeks are blushing When the handsome men are rush-ing To the  
when you're kissed, Always take an-oth-er If you're not the la-dy's brother, For the  
caps we don, Youth won't last for-ev-er, But a true love must not sev-er, Though

cir-cle fair of maid-ens rare Read-y to kiss them tho' they do not dare.  
girl is glad when you are mad E-nough to steal a sec-ond one be-hind her dad.  
his sight is dim, poor old Jim Sticks to his old la-dy and she sticks to him.

Sweet hearts part-ing and their love-looks darting As for home they're starting from the  
Ma is frowning but a vic-try crowning You are at your clowning on the  
Strength is wan-ing, but their hearts are gaining E-ven more af-fec-tion than they

Coun-try Ball. One fair maid-en is with love o'er-lad-en And her  
dear girl's lips. Morn is break-ing as your leave you're tak-ing And the  
felt in youth. Hair is gray-ing, but the old man's say-ing To his

## CHORUS.

beau when kiss'd exclaims "Oh! is that all?"  
dar - ling whis-pers ere the coachman whips } One kiss more, one kiss more,  
a - ged dol - ly with the same old truth.

Give it me at once or I shall say that you're a dunce, for I Want

one kiss more, one kiss more, Nev-er let a la - dy wait For one kiss more.

## CROSSING O'ER THE RIBBER JORDON.

Words and Music by

TOM TUCKER.

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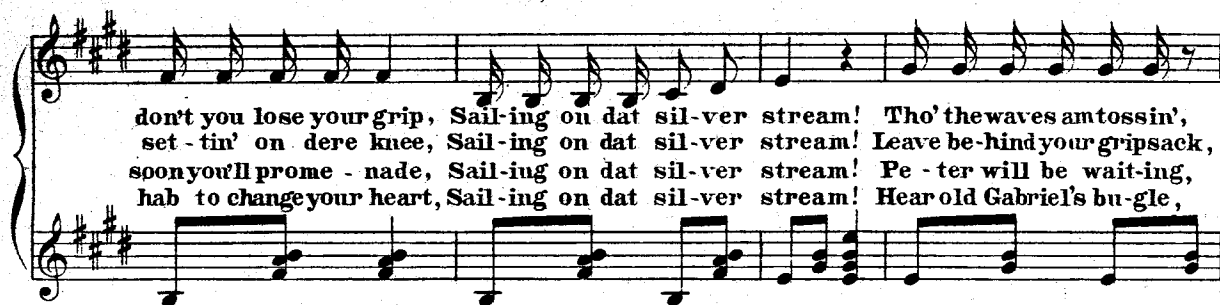
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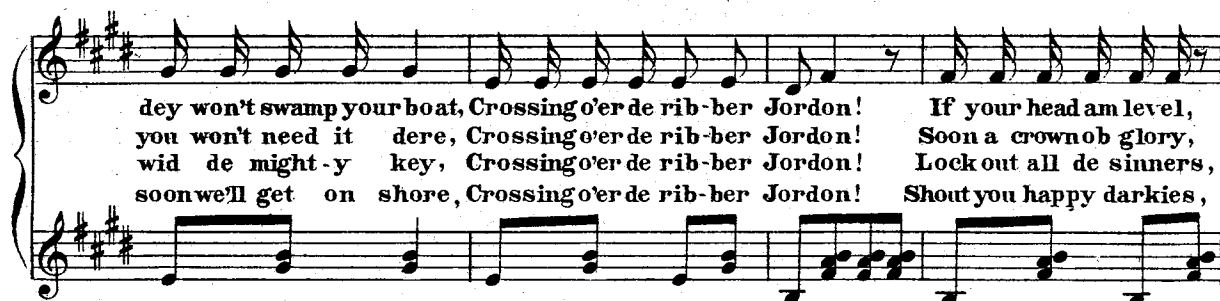
Moderato.

1. When you hear de trumpet,
2. Won't de hap-py darkies,
3. Neb-ber mind de mon-ey,
4. Hab your robes obwhiteness,

you must take a trip, Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan! Keep your sails a fly-in',  
shout de ju - bi-lee, Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan! All de pic-can-nin-ies,  
all your passage paid, Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan! Up de gold-en pavement,  
read-y for to start, Crossing o'er de ribber Jordan! Sin-ners on de backseat,

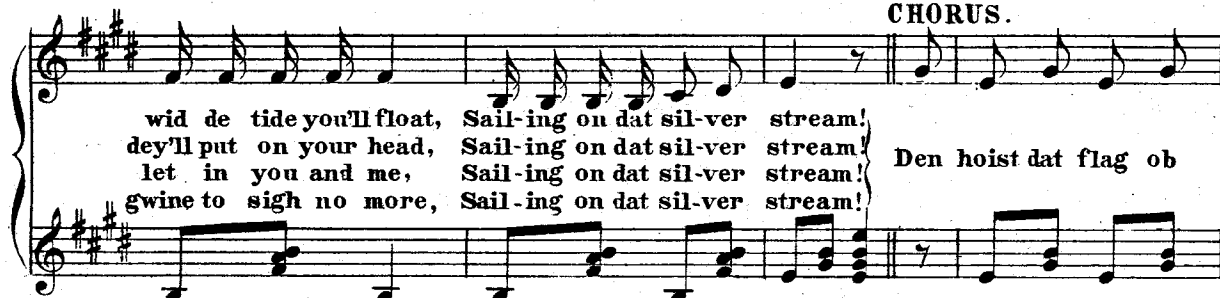


don't you lose your grip, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream! Tho' the waves am tossin',  
 set - tin' on dere knee, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream! Leave be-hind your gripsack,  
 soon you'll prome - nade, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream! Pe - ter will be wait-ing,  
 hab to change your heart, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream! Hear old Gabriel's bu-gle,

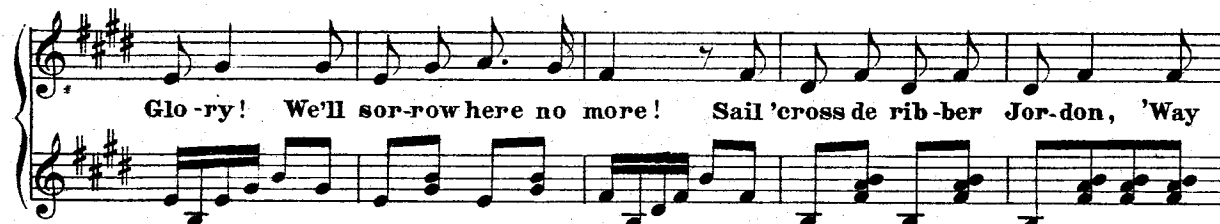


dey won't swamp your boat, Cross-ing o'er de rib-ber Jordon! If your head am level,  
 you won't need it dere, Cross-ing o'er de rib-ber Jordon! Soon a crown ob glory,  
 wid de might-y key, Cross-ing o'er de rib-ber Jordon! Lock out all de sinners,  
 soon we'll get on shore, Cross-ing o'er de rib-ber Jordon! Shout you happy darkies,

## CHORUS.



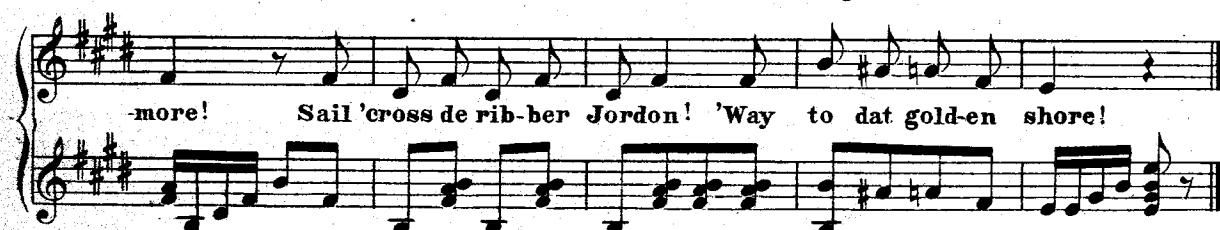
wid de tide you'll float, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream!  
 dey'll put on your head, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream!  
 let in you and me, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream!  
 gwine to sigh no more, Sail-ing on dat sil-ver stream! Den hoist dat flag ob



Glo-ry! We'll sor-row here no more! Sail 'cross de rib-ber Jor-don, 'Way



to dat gold-en shore! Den hoist dat flag ob Glo-ry! We'll sor-row here no



more! Sail 'cross de rib-ber Jordon! 'Way to dat gold-en shore!

## LA MANOLA.

(COME TO THE DANCE)

P. HENRION. Comp'r.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Come to the dance, Gay hearts are bounding, Lutes, cas-ta-nets,  
2. Lose not the hour Time trav-els fleet-ly; Cull pleasure's flow'rs,

Sweet-ly are sounding; Ah! to thy charms, All there must bow;  
While they bloom sweetly; On ea-gle's wing Joy takes his flight,

*rall.* Fair though they be, Fair-er art thou. What can com-pare, With thy dark  
Let us be gay, Gay, then to-night. Come to the dance, All hearts en-

*cen - do. cres -*

hair? Eyes that, like stars, Shine forth so bright-ly; Sylph-like and fleet. traunce;  
Therethy warm glance, All will be fir-ing, While on thy charms

*cen - do. animato.*

Those tap'ring feet, In the glad dance, Moving so light-ly;  
Fond-ly I gaze, All speak thy praise, All are ad-mir-ing; Hark, my Man-

*rall.*

o - - - la Mu-sic is sound - ing, In the brisk Jo - - ta,

Gay hearts are bound - ing, Thy smile en - chant - ing On - ly is

want - - ing, O'er yon glad scene Thou shalt reign queen.

Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, In the brisk

Jo - - ta, Gay hearts are bound - ing, Tra, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, Come to the dance, love, Thou shalt reign queen.

# THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Composed by  
G.W.HUNT.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

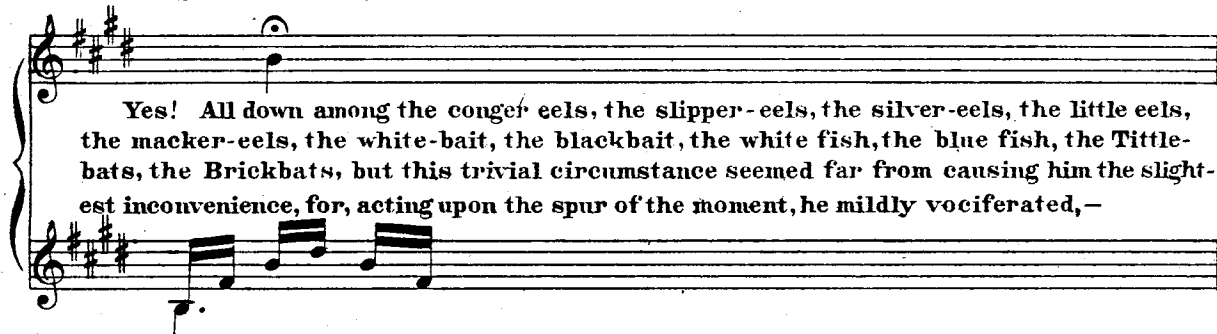


1. There once was a bold fish-er-man Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To  
2. First he wriggled, then he striggled In the wa - ter so brin - y, He  
3. His ghost walked that night to The bed - side of his Ma-ry Jane, He

catch the mild bloat - er And the gay mack - er - eel, But when he a-rove off  
bel - lowed, and he yell - owed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he  
told her how dead he was, Then said she "I'll go mad," "For since my love's

Pim - li - co, The wind it did be - gin to blow, And his  
gen - tly glide To the bot - tom of the sil - v'ry tide, But  
dead," said she, "All joy from me's fled," says she, "I'll

lit - tle boat it wib - ble wob - bled so, That slick o - ver-board he fell.  
pre - vi - ous - ly to that he cried "Fare - well Ma - ry Jane?"  
go a rav - ing lu - ni - ack," says she, And she went ver - y bad.

Chant *ad libitum*.


Yes! All down among the conger eels, the slipper-eels, the silver-eels, the little eels, the macker-eels, the white-bait, the blackbait, the white fish, the blue fish, the Tittle-bats, the Brickbats, but this trivial circumstance seemed far from causing him the slightest inconvenience, for, acting upon the spur of the moment, he mildly vociferated, -

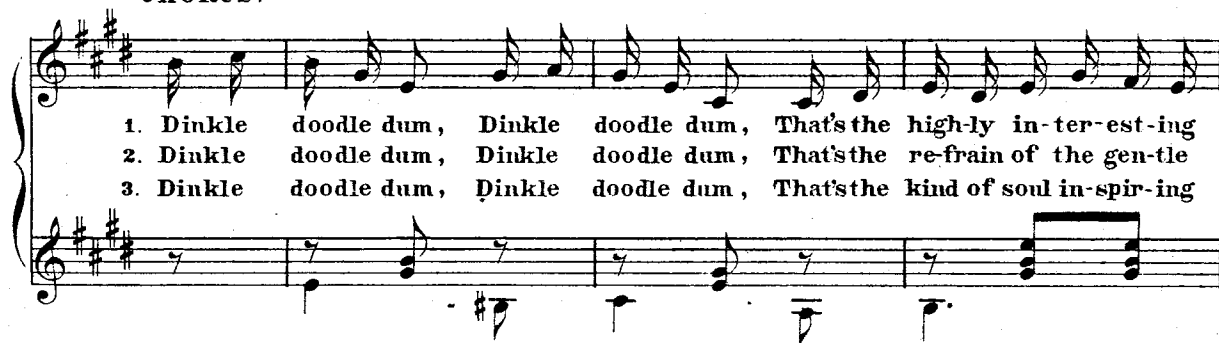
## 2nd Chant.

Upon arriving at Terra Firma underneath the limpid Aqua Pura, he took a cough lozenge, and got wet through to the skin, he hung out his clothes to dry on a whale's tail. Met old Father Neptune who told him he'd got there all-same, and if he didn't mind he'd like to hear, -

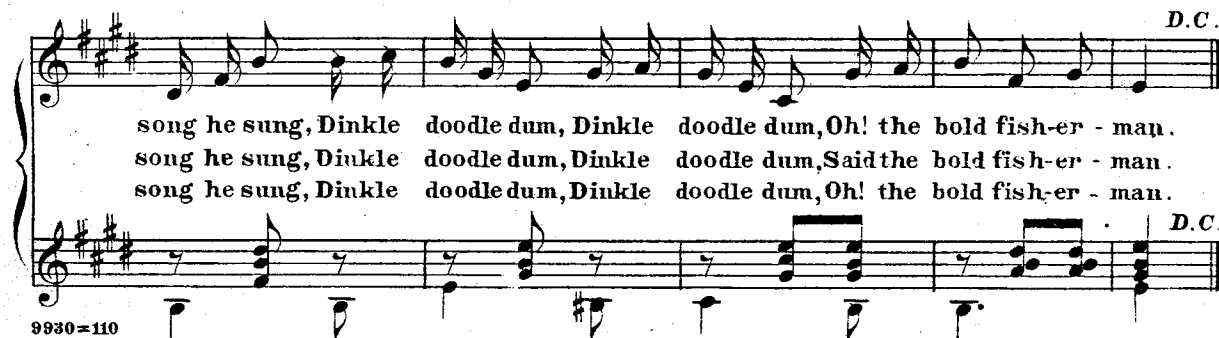
## 3rd Chant.

She thereupon tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the can-can on top of the water-butt, joined the Women's Rights Association, and frequently edifies the angelic members by softly chanting, -

## CHORUS.



1. Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, That's the highly in-ter-est-ing  
2. Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, That's the re-frain of the gen-tle  
3. Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, That's the kind of soul in-spir-ing



song he sung, Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, Oh! the bold fish-er - man.  
song he sung, Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, Said the bold fish-er - man.  
song he sung, Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, Oh! the bold fish-er - man.

# I'M A DANDY BUT I'M NO DUDE.

Words and Music by  
WILL H. BRAY.

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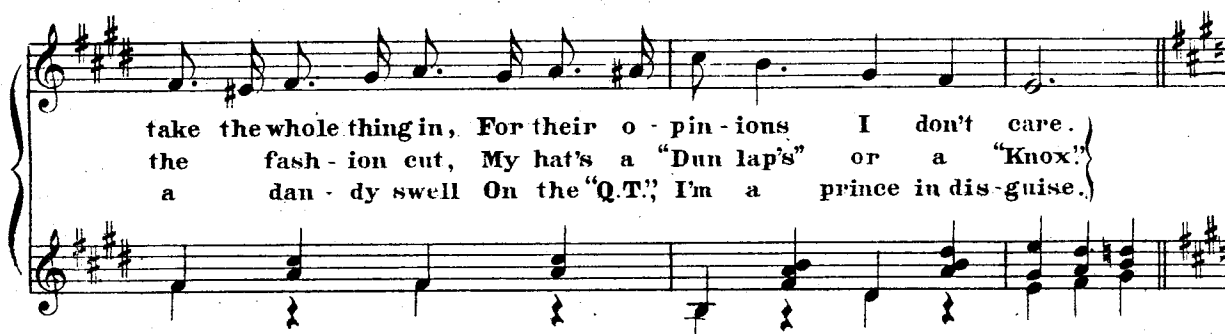
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. I'm a Dan - dy, that's what the peo - ple say, At the races I'm al - ways  
 2. On the best of the land I al - ways live, The fin - est brands of wine I  
 3. I'm a Dan - dy but still I am no dude, With the cares of life I have

seen. I drive in the latest style of cart, At my side sits a charming  
 drink. My man - ners they are so re - fined, Which causes snobs to ponder and  
 none, Stroll - ing ev - ry af - ter - noon I go, But not the side that has the

queen. With en - vi - ous eyes the swells they look At the  
 think. With pleas - ure I smoke the "mon - o - gram," They're im -  
 san. As I prom - e - nade the thor - ough - fares, La - dies'

car - riage, the style and my air, I laugh and grin as I  
 port ed for me by the box, My clothes are al - ways in  
 hearts with e - mo - tion a - rise, They know quite well that I'm



take the whole thing in, For their o - pin - ions I don't care.  
 the fash - ion cut, My hat's a "Dun lap's" or a "Knox."  
 a dan - dy swell On the "Q.T.," I'm a prince in dis - guise.

## CHORUS.



I'm a dan - dy I'll have you all to know. With the



la - dies I'm nev - er rude; This style is all my own, with



it I car - ry tone; I'm a Dan - dy, but I'm no dude.

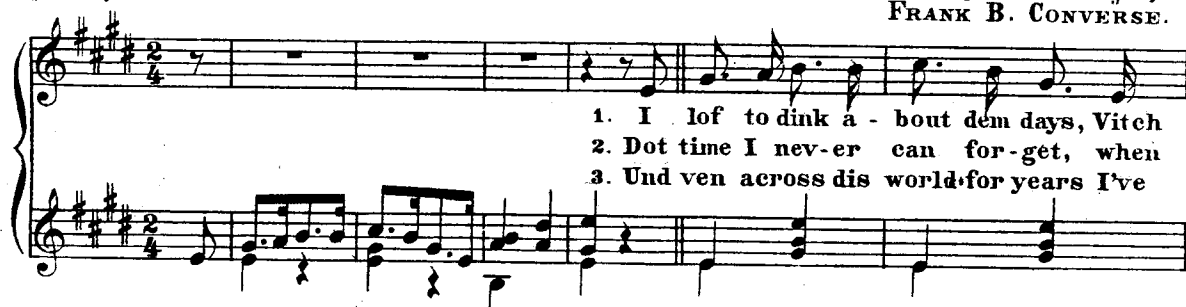
( At the discretion to play, Yodel, or Promenade these last eight bars. )



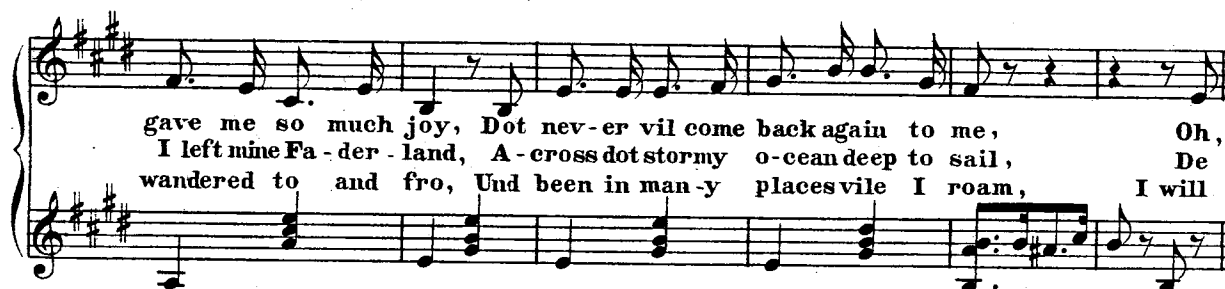
# LITTLE GERMAN HOME ACROSS THE SEA.

Composed by WAGNER.

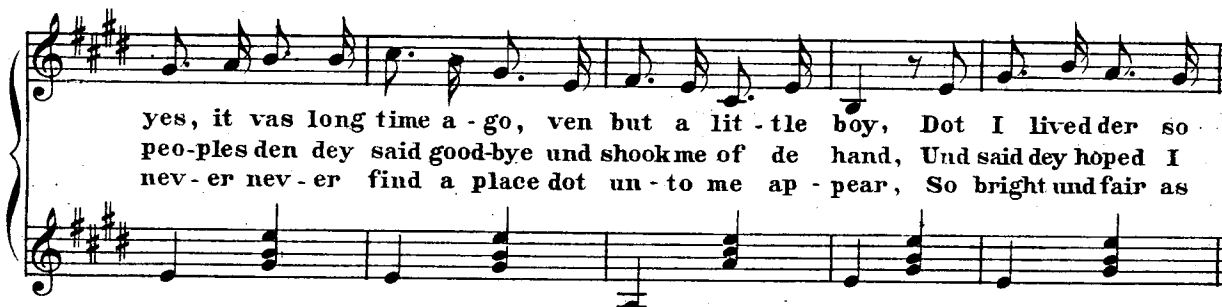
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



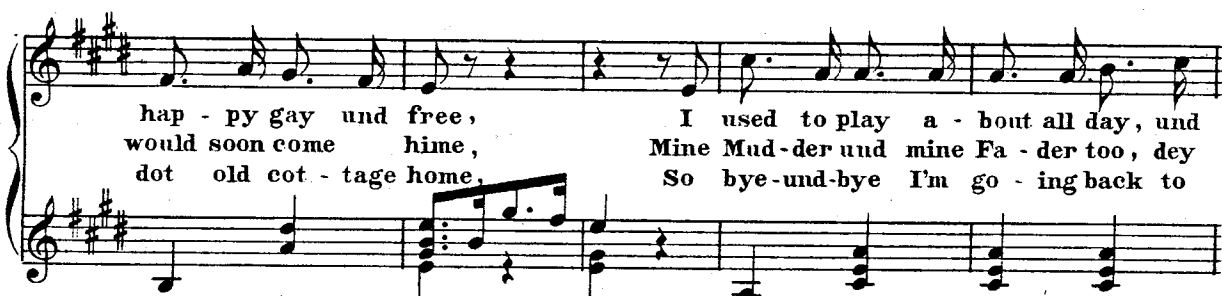
1. I lof to dink a - bout dem days, Vitch  
2. Dot time I nev-er can for-get, when  
3. Und ven across dis world for years I've



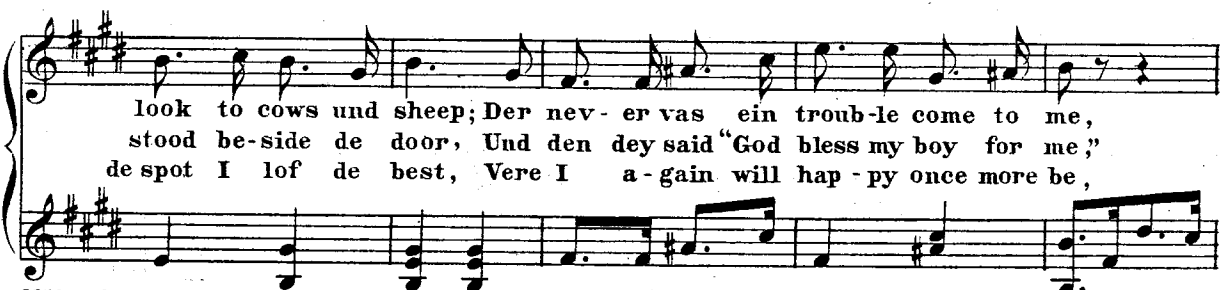
gave me so much joy, Dot nev-er vil come back again to me, Oh,  
I left mine Fa - der - land, A - cross dot stormy o - cean deep to sail, De  
wandered to and fro, Und been in man - y placesvile I roam, I will



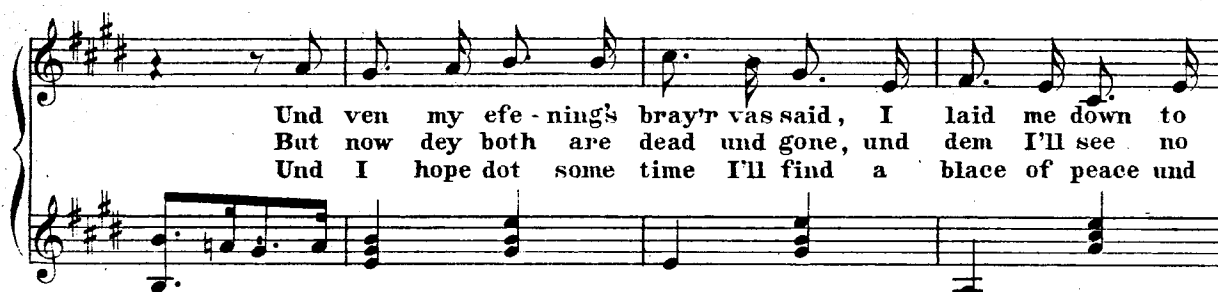
yes, it vas long time a - go, ven but a lit - tle boy, Dot I livedder so  
peo - ples den dey said good - bye und shook me of de hand, Und said dey hoped I  
nev - er nev - er find a place dot un - to me ap - pear, So bright und fair as



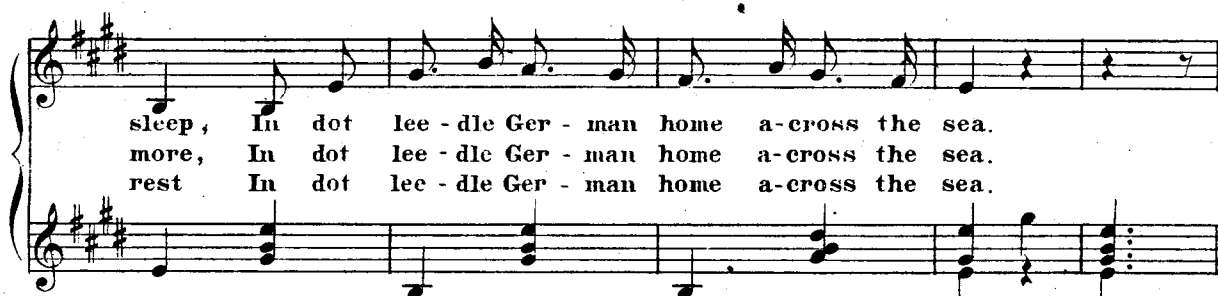
hap - py gay und free, I used to play a - bout all day, und  
would soon come hime, Mine Mud - der und mine Fa - der too, dey  
dot old cot - tage home, So bye - und - bye I'm go - ing back to



look to cows und sheep; Der nev - er vas ein troub - le come to me,  
stood be - side de door, Und den dey said "God bless my boy for me,"  
de spot I lof de best, Vere I a - gain will hap - py once more be,



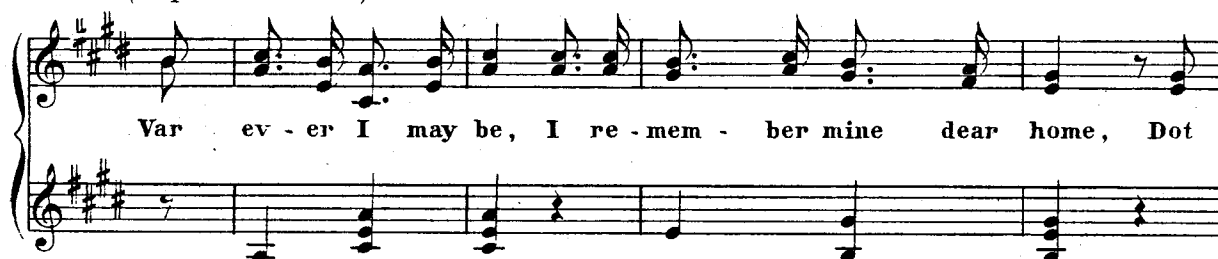
Und ven my efe-ning's bray'r vas said, I laid me down to  
 But now dey both are dead und gone, und dem I'll see no  
 Und I hope dot some time I'll find a blace of peace und



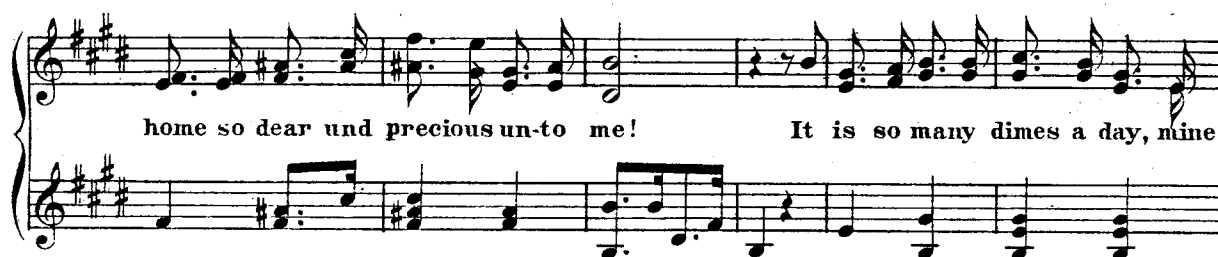
sleep, In dot lee-dle Ger-man home a-cross the sea.  
 more, In dot lee-dle Ger-man home a-cross the sea.  
 rest In dot lee-dle Ger-man home a-cross the sea.

### CHORUS.

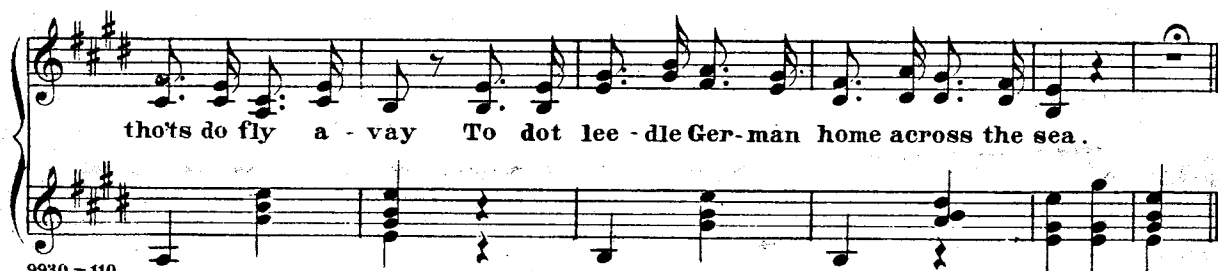
(Soprano and Alto)



Var ev-er I may be, I re-mem-ber mine dear home, Dot



home so dear und precious un-to me! It is so many dimes a day, mine



thots do fly a-vay To dot lee-dle Ger-man home across the sea.

## LA PALOMA.

(THE DOVE.)

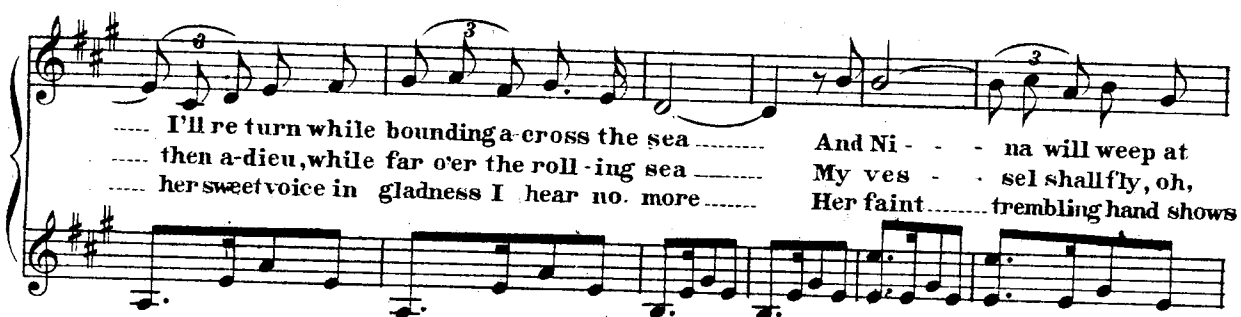
YRADIER. Comp'r.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

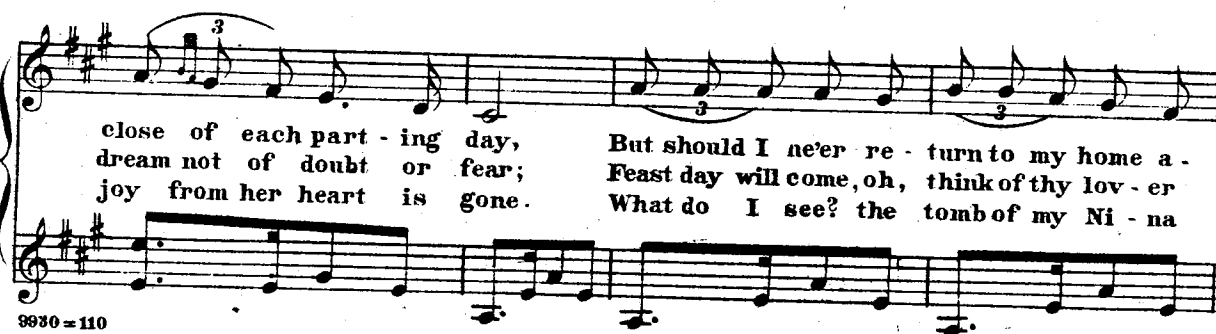

1. The morn - - - ing was fair, the o cean was blue and free. Oh,  
2. Oh beau - - - ti-ful Ni - na no long-er weep for me, To  
3. But Ah! ..... should I ne'er re - turn to my na - tive shore, My



Pray ..... for your child so lov - ing and far a - way; In dreams.....  
thee ..... and my mother soon will my steps ap - pear; A - dien.....  
moth - - - er would mourn, I see her all sad and lone; And why?.....



..... I'll re turn while bounding a - cross the sea ..... And Ni - - - na will weep at  
..... then a - dien, while far o'er the roll - ing sea ..... My ves - - - sel shall fly, oh,  
..... her sweet voice in gladness I hear no. more ..... Her faint ..... trembling hand shows



close of each part - ing day, But should I ne'er re - turn to my home a -  
dream not of doubt or fear; Feast day will come, oh, think of thy lov - er  
joy from her heart is gone. What do I see? the tomb of my Ni - na

gain ..... A whitewing'd dove at eve shall to thee ap - pear .....  
 nigh ..... Garland of rose and bright blooming flow'rets twine .....  
 dear ..... Beau-ti-ful dove, my Ni - na 'tis thee, 'tis thee ! .....

O - pen the lat - tice from o'er the dis - tant main, .....  
 Gay dance and song shall brighten the hours that fly .....  
 Oh sail - or boy, a - wake from thy dream of fear .....

My lov-ing spir-it comes to thee fond and dear .....  
 Beau-ty and joy a - round thee shall brightly shine ..... Oh, the sailor boy sings  
 Life on the o - cean, life on the sounding sea! .....

O'er the wave as he floats, How the light zeph-yr brings to our hearts the

ech-o that wild - ly floats. Oh, the sailor boy sings o'er the wave as he

floats, How the light zephyr brings to our hearts the ech-o that wild-ly floats.

Composed by  
T. B. BISHOP.

# SWEET EVELINA.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Way down in the meadow wherethe lil-y first blows,Wherethe wind from the  
2. She's fair as a rose like a lamb she is meek,And she nev-er was  
3. Eve - li - na and I one fine ev'ning in June, Took a walk all a -  
4. Three years have gone by and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still

mount-ain nev-er ruf-fles the rose, Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the  
known to put paint on her cheek; In the most graceful curls hangs her  
lone by the light of the moon; The plan-ets all shone for the  
lives in the green grassy holler, Al tho' I am fat - ed to

sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.  
ra - ven black hair, And she nev-er re-quires per - fum - er - y there.  
heav-ens were clear,And I felt round the heart, Oh! most might-i - ly queer.  
mar - ry her ne'er, I'll love her I'm sure

**CHORUS.**

Sweet Ev - e - li - na, dear Ev - e - li - na, My love for  
thee shall nev - er, nev-er die, thee shall nev - er, nev-er die.

# THE WATERFALL.

19

ERNST SIMON. Comp'r.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. From the mountain height comes the  
2. And the wa - ter-fall un - to

wa - ter bright, Uli - o uli - o - e uli - o! Where its spray is swelling stands a  
me doth call Uli - o uli - o - e uli - o! And the songs are ring-ing of my

lit - tle dwelling, Uli - o uli - o - e uli - o! And my sweetheart fair she is  
sweetheart's singing, Uli - o uli - o - e uli - o! All my thought and mind is to

sit-ting there U-li-o uli-o - e uli - o! Sends me heart-y greet-ing when we  
her in-clined U-li-o uli-o - e uli - o! And to that one dwell-ing all my

two are meet-ing. U - li - o uli - o - e o! Tra la la la la la la la la la la la...  
soul is swell-ing. U - li - o uli - o - e o!

Tra la

## THE LORELEI.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



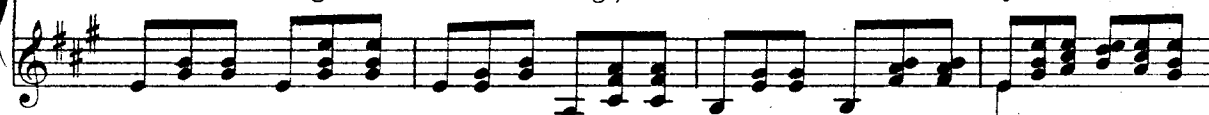
1. I know not why my mind, and heart, Or why so sad my thought, Is  
2. A love-ly maid re-clin-ing lay, A mar-vel to be-hold, Her  
3. The boat-man in, his lit-tle barque, Gazed at the wondrous sight, He



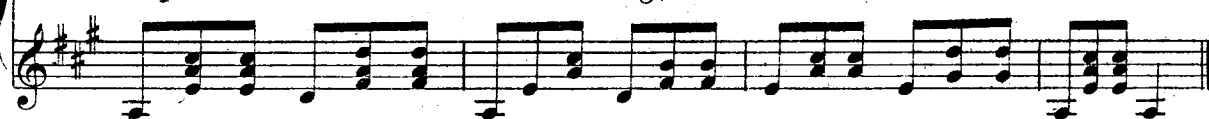
it..... the tale that will not part, From old-en times I've brought? The  
jew-els shone in molt-en ray, Her hair comb was of gold..... She  
saw... no reef, all now seemed dark, Save on that rock-y height..... The



sky..... grows dusk the air is cool, And gen-tly flows the Rhine;..... The  
sang so sweet, with voice so pure, All hearts en-tranced to hear..... In  
maid-en sang in ac-cents long, In vain he tried to fly..... The



rock's proud heights o'er-look the pool, And glit-ter in sun-shine.....  
strain that failed not to al-lure, Tho' fraught with joy and fear.....  
barque was wreck'd a-las! the song, That fa-tal Lo-re-lei!.....



# ANNA SONG.

(from Nanon.)

21

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

What sig - ni-fies

this day to me That I'm so o - ver-joyed?— Loud beats my heart, I feel so free,

Stay it but un - al - loyed!— Ah! yes, 'tis Ann's day, Saint An - na, Saint An - na!

No fair-er day has past, This live-long year nor in the last.— An-na to thee is my

fav'-rite road, My fav'-rite road, my fav'riteway, An-na to thee my best song to-day, My

fav'-rite song, my sweetest song! An-na An-net-ta oh dear-est name, oh! dear-est name, oh!

dear-est name, Long as I live I'll sing of that name, Yes, I'll sing of thy name—

# HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

♫ CRAMER. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. How can I leave thee? How can I  
2. There is a bloom-ing flow'r, In life's en-  
3. Oh, would I were a bird, To cheer af-

say fare-well! How can I break the spell So dear to me! Thou art a  
chant-ed vale, Sigh-ing in ev'-ry gale, "For-get me not," Here on-ly  
fec-tion's bow'r, With thee to pass each hour, Swift-ly I'd fly; Though sor-row

pleas-ing dream, Thou art a light divine, Guid-ing this heart of mine, O'er life's dark sea.  
Spring ap-pears, Chas-ing the laughing hours, Scatt'ring her rich-est flow'rs, Love's hallowed spot.  
o'er my heart, Swept like some de-mon wing, Still to thee could I cling, 'Twere joy to die!

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## ROSA LEE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li o-la-e, I went court-in' Ro-sa Lee,

U - li - a - li o - la - e, Eyes as dark as win - ter night, Lips as red as ber - ry bright; When

first I did her woo-ing go, She said "now don't be fool-ish, Joe?" U - li - a - li o - la - e,  
U - li - a - li o - la - e,

Court - in' down in Ten-nes-see, U - li - a - li o - la - e, 'Neath the wild Ba - na - na tree.  
Ro - sa sleeps in Ten-nes-see, U - li - a - li o - la - e, 'Neath the wild Ba - na - na tree.

2.

I said you lubly gal, dat's plain,  
U-li-a-li o-la-e,  
Breff as sweet as sugar cane,  
U-li-a-li o-la-e,  
Feet so large and comely too,  
Might make a cradle ob each shoe,  
"Rosa take me for your beau?"  
She said "now don't be foolish, Joe."  
U-li-a-li o-la-e, &c.

3.

My story yet is to be told,  
U-li-a-li o-la-e,  
Rosa cotech'd a shockin' cold,  
U-li-a-li o-la-e,  
Send de Doctor fetch de nurse,  
Doctor came but made her worse,  
I tried to make her laugh, but no,  
She said "now don't be foolish, Joe."  
U-li-a-li o-la-e, &c.

4.

Dey give her up, no power could save,  
U-li-a-li o-la-e,  
She ax me follow to her grave,  
U-li-a-li o-la-e,  
I take her hand, 'twas cold in death,  
So cold I hardly draw my breff,  
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,  
And said "farewell my dearest Joe"  
U-li-a-li o-la-e, &c.

# LEANING ON THE GARDEN GATE.

Words & Music by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

(With additional verses for a lady singer.)

By permission.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. I'm hap-py as a bee in  
2. She's love-ly as the morn-ing -

clo-ver, I've met, oh! such a charm-ing girl; She said I was her on-ly  
glo-ry That blooms and swings up-on the vine; And when I sang to her Love's

lov-er, And set my head all in a whirl, Sweet girl! I met her when the moon was  
sto-ry, She sweetly said she would be mine, All mine! I nev-er shall for-get our

beam-ing, 'Twas then true love re-vealed my fate: She blushed like a rose blos-som,  
meet-ing 'Twas then true love had found its mate. That moon-light night, when two

in the star-light dream-ing, Lean-ing on the gar-den gate. She's sweet as she can  
hearts with love were beat-ing, Lean-ing on the gar-den gate. How hap-py we will

be!  
be!

She loves no one but me!  
I mean my love and me!

I met her when the moon was beaming, 'Twas then love sealed my fate; She  
I nev-er shall for-get our meeting, 'Twas then love found its mate, That

blushed like a rose blos-som, in the star-light gleam-ing, Leaning on the gar-den gate.  
moon-light night, when two hearts with love were beat-ing, Leaning on the garden gate.

### Additional verses for a lady singer.

1.  
I'm happy as a bee in clover,  
I've found, oh! such a charming beau;  
He said he'd be my own true lover,  
And never roam or from me go:— Oh, no!  
||: I met him when the moon was beaming,  
My heart did palpitate,  
He smiled so sweetly I thought I must be dreaming,  
Leaning on the garden gate.:||  
He's handsome as can be, (*Symph.*)  
And dearly he loves me. (*Symph.*)  
(Repeat the last four lines of verse.)

2.  
He told me of his love, sincerely,  
That faithful he would ever prove,  
He vowed he'd love me truly, dearly,  
By all the stars that shone above,— Sweet love!  
||: I never shall forget our meeting,  
'Twas then love found its mate,  
That moonlight night when two hearts with love were beating,  
Leaning on the garden gate.:||  
How happy we will be, (*Symph.*)  
I mean my love and me. (*Symph.*)  
(Repeat the last four lines of verse.)

# COQUETRY.

Words by M. F. MULLIN.

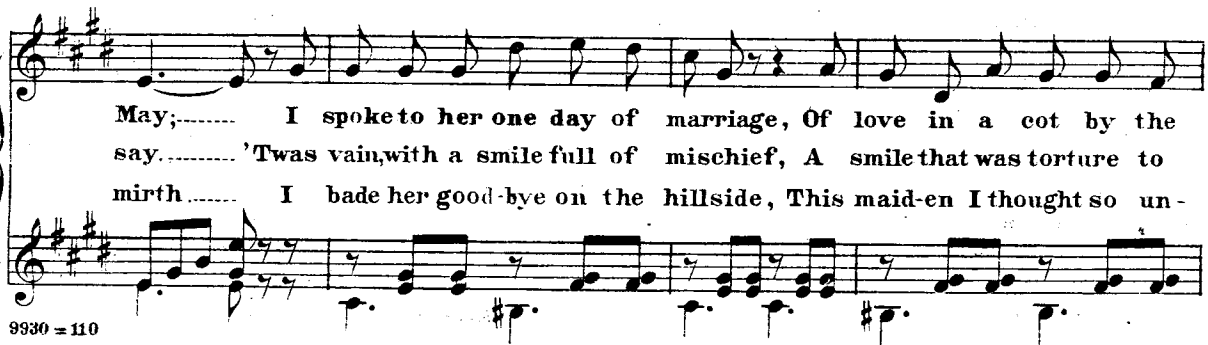
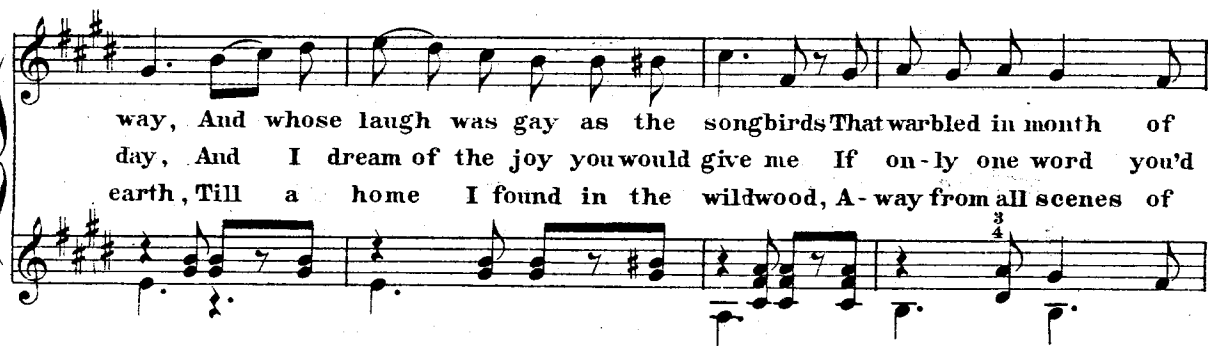
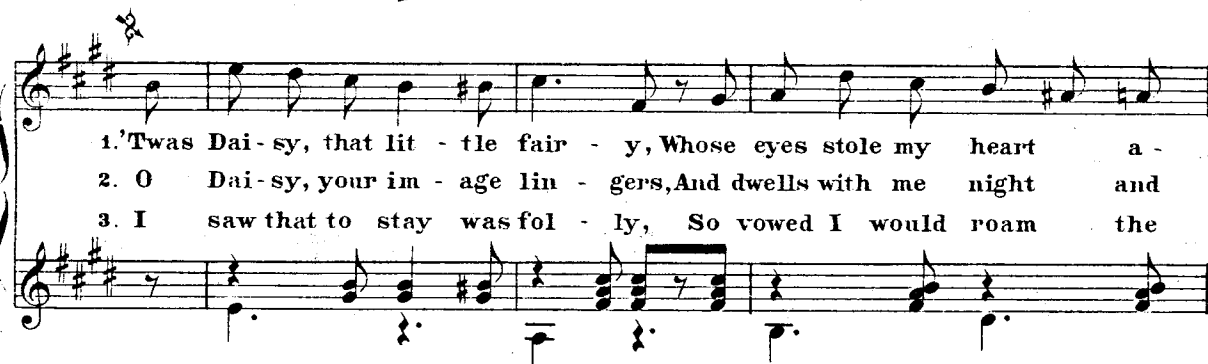
Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

By permission.

Arranged for the Banjo by

FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Allegretto.



sea, She laugh - ing - ly an - swered "Oh, No sir, 'Tis  
me, She an - swered "How strange that you know not, 'Tis  
true. She said "If you think you'll be lone - ly, I'll

*Suave.  
rall. a tempo.*

nie - er, you know to be free".....  
nie - er, by far to be free"..... } O Dai - sy, O Dai - sy,  
pack up my things and go too?".....

If you on - ly could know,.... How I love you dear - est, You'd

surely not tease me so, Oh no. Oh no, You'd surely not tease me so.....

50

# SAILING ON DE GOLDEN STREAM.

Words and Music by  
F. BELASCO.

Used by permission.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

*Allegro vivace.*

1. Oh, wake me ear-ly in de mornin', mornin', mornin',  
2. Oh, chil-dren hop a-long to glory, glory, glory,  
3. Oh, dip your bur-den in de ribber, ribber, ribber,

Wake me ear-ly in de mornin', Be-fore de broke ob day; Oh wake me ear-ly in de  
Chil-dren hop a-long to glory, Ole sa-tan's quick and slick; Oh chil-dren hop a-long to  
Dip your bur-den in de ribber, Be-fore de broke ob day; Oh dip your bur-den in de

mornin', mornin', mornin', Wake me ear-ly in de mornin', I'll meet you on de way.  
glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Chil-dren hop a-long to glory, An' take dat gol-den trick.  
ribber, ribber, ribber, Dip your bur-den in de ribber, An' wash your sins a-way.

Down by de stream of my dear South-ern home, Down where de dark-ies

hoe de gold-en grain, Down in de fields ob corn an' su-gar cane, O, sail-in' on de golden stream.

# I'LL WAIT LOVE FOR THEE.

Music by J. VAN LOAN.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. I'll wait, love, for thee when the stars soft - ly  
2. The birds will be sleep - ing in each down - y  
3. The flow'rs will be dream - ing, and all will be

*rit.* *a tempo.*

gleam, Down by the grove near the mur - mur - ing stream, And there where the  
nest, - Come like a bird to the one you love best: When shad - ows are  
fair, - Love would but whis - per a - gain its sweet pray'r, O dar - ling, when

dew - drops shine o - ver the lea; Dear - est, I'll fond - ly be wait - ing for thee!  
fall - ing o'er hill and o'er lea, Star of my life, I'll be wait - ing for thee!  
moon - beams glance o - ver the sea, Hope of my heart, I'll be wait - ing for thee!

Meet me, my dearest, meet me to - night, - Wel - come thy glances will be; When

*rit.*

stars are a - bove to whisper of love, Dearest, in joy I'll be waiting for thee!

By permission of J. Van Loan. (A chorus with piano copy.)

9930=110

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# KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD.

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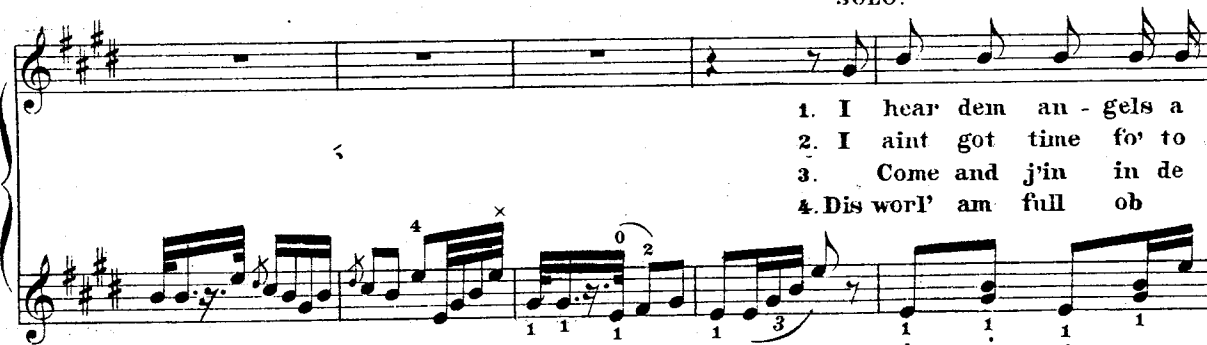
Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Banjo Style.



SOLO.



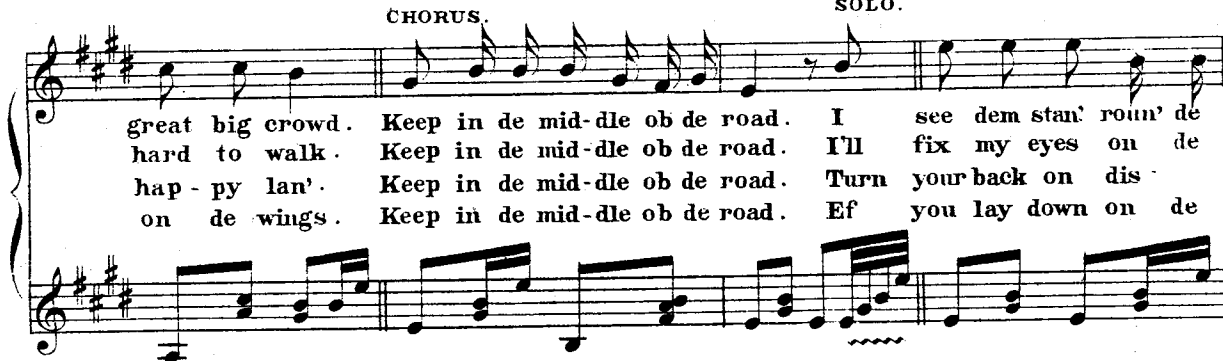
CHORUS.

SOLO.



CHORUS.

SOLO.



big white gate, We must trabble a-long 'fore we git too late, Fo'  
gold - en stair, An' I'll keep on a gwine till I git dar, Kase my  
werl' ob sin, Knock at de door an' dey'll let you in, Kase you'll  
road to die, An' you watch dem an - gels in de sky, You can

CHORUS.

'taint no use fo' to sit down an' wait. Keep in de mid - dle ob de road.  
head am boun' fo' de crown to wear. Keep in de mid - dle ob de road.  
neb - ber git such a chance a - gin. Keep in de mid - dle ob de road.  
put on wings an' git up an' fly. Keep in de mid - dle ob de road.

CHORUS.

Den chil'-ren, keep in de mid - dle ob de road, Den chil'-ren, keep in de

mid - dle ob de road, Don't you look to de right, Don't you

look to de left, But keep in de mid - dle ob de road.

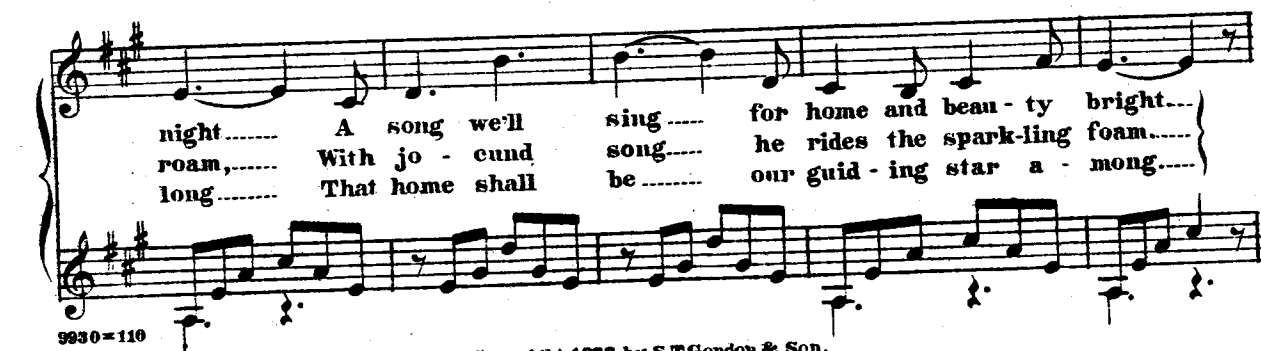
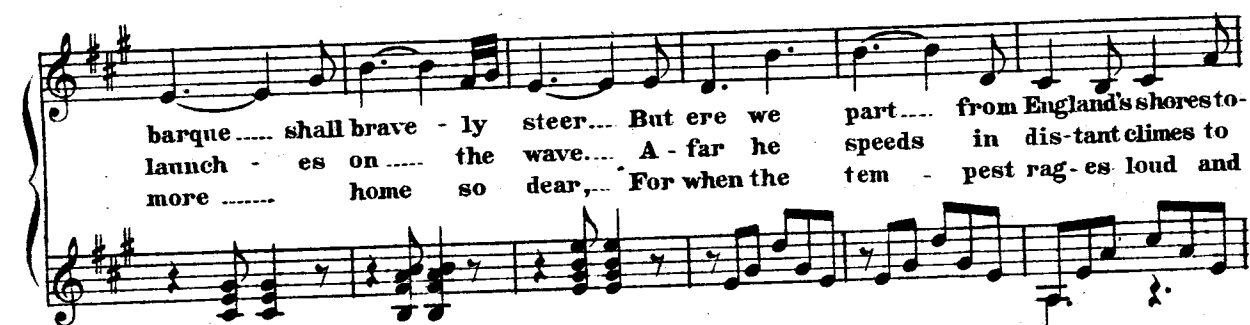
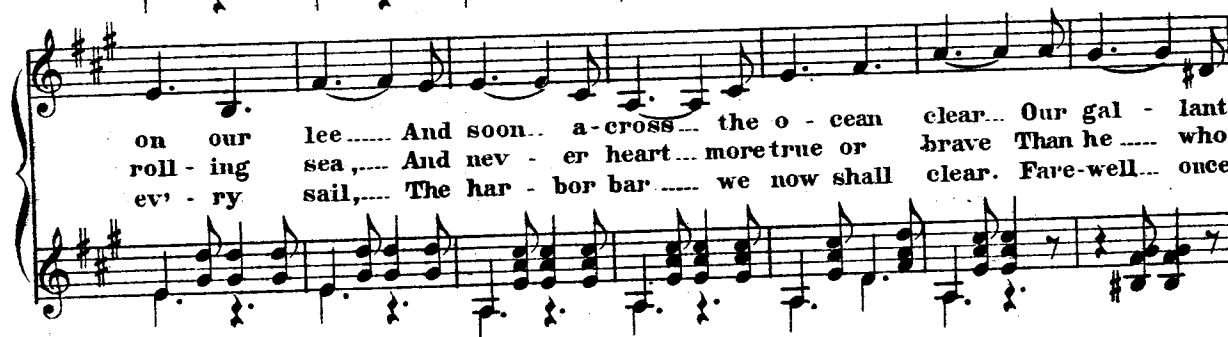
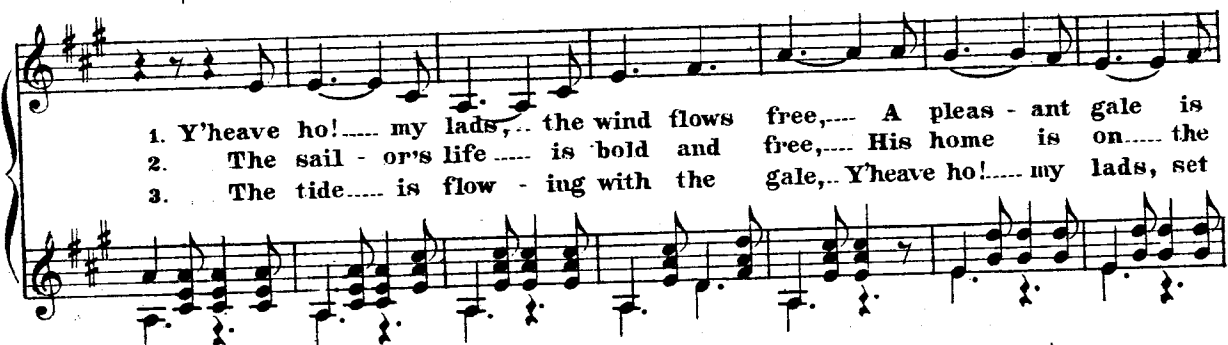
DANCE.

## SAILING.

GODFREY MARKS. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Con Spirito.



*f*  
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so

*ad lib.*  
true. Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue?.....

Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main..... For man - y a storm - y

wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain,..... Sail - ing,

sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main,..... For man - y a storm - y

wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.....

# HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

Words by J.E. CARPENTER.

Music by W.T. WRIGHTON.

Arranged for the Banjo by

FRANK B. CONVERSE.

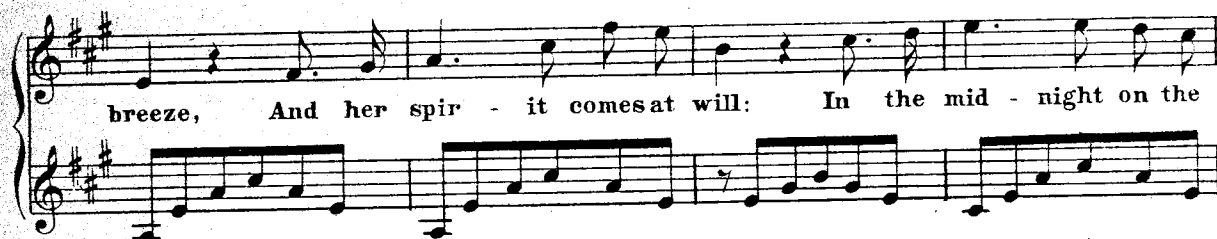
1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we  
 2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I  
 3. I've sailed neath al - ien - skies, I have

may not meet a - gain, I have strug - gled to for - get, But the  
 gaze up - on the deep, Her form still greets my sight, While the  
 trod the des - ert path, I have seen the storm a - rise Like a

strug - gle is in vain: For her voice lives on the breeze, And her  
 stars their vig - ils keep: When I close my ach - ing eyes Sweet  
 gi - ant in his wrath: Ev - ry dan - ger I have known That a

spir - it comes at will: In the mid - night on the seas, Her  
 dreams my sen - ses fill, And from sleep when I a - rise Her  
 reck - less life can fill, Yet her pres - ence is not flown, Her

bright smile haunts me still.  
 bright smile haunts me still. For her voice lives on the  
 bright smile haunts me still.



breeze, And her spir - it comes at will: In the mid - night on the



seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. still.

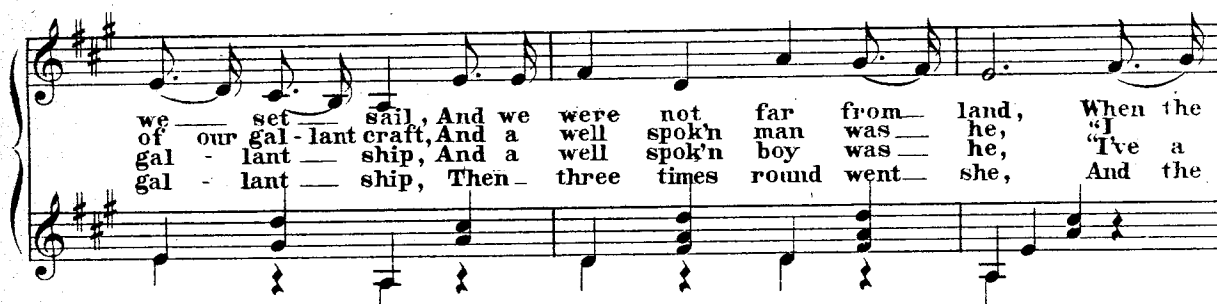
## THE MERMAID.

COLLEGE SONG.

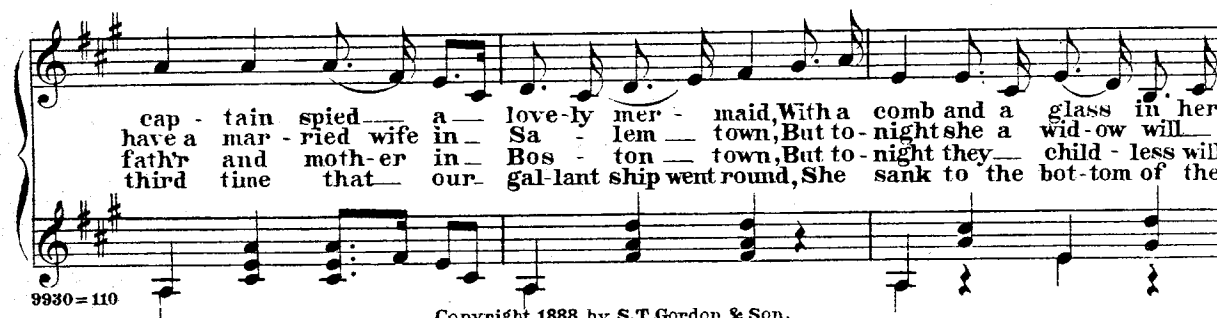
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when -  
2. Then up spoke the cap - tain  
3. Then out spoke the boy of our  
4. Then three times - round went our



we set sail, And we were not far from land, When the  
of our gal - lant craft, And a well spok'n man was he, "I  
gal - lant ship, And a well spok'n boy was he, "I've a  
gal - lant ship, Then three times round went she, And the



cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her  
have a mar - ried wife in Sa - lem town, But to - night she a wid - ow will  
fath'r and moth - er in Bos - ton town, But to - night they child - less will  
third time that our gal - lant ship went round, She sank to the bot - tom of the

hand, — hand, hand, With a comb and a glass — in her hand,  
 be, — will — be, But to - night a wid - ow will be.  
 be, — will — be, But to - night they child - less will be.  
 sea, — sea, — sea, And she sank to the bot - tom of the sea.

## Chorus.

O, the storm - y winds, how they blow, — blow, — blow, And the

rag - ing seas, how they go, While we poor sail - ors are

climb - ing up a - loft, And ye land - lub - bers ly - ing down be -

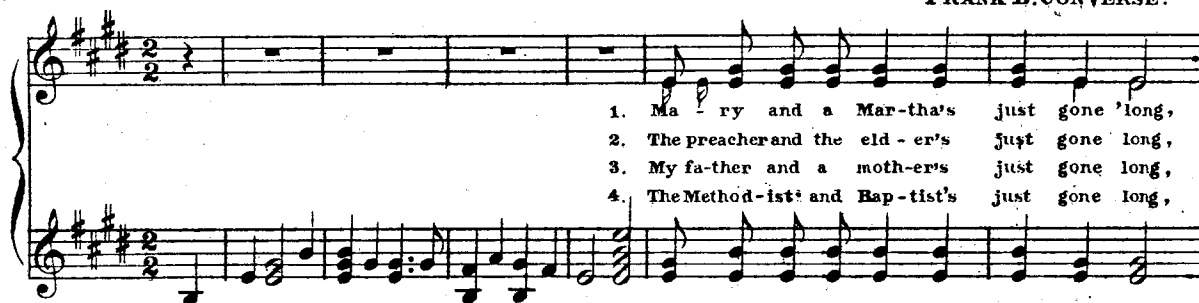
low, — down be - low, And ye land - lub - bers ly - ing down be - low.

# TO RING THOSE CHARMING BELLS.

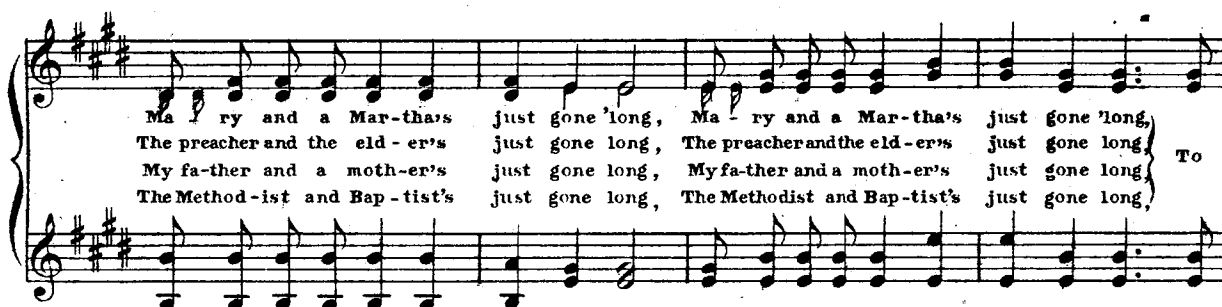
37

HAMPTON STUDENTS.

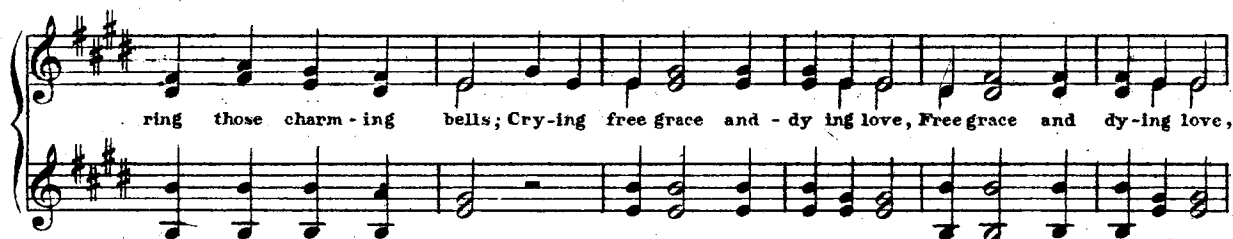
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



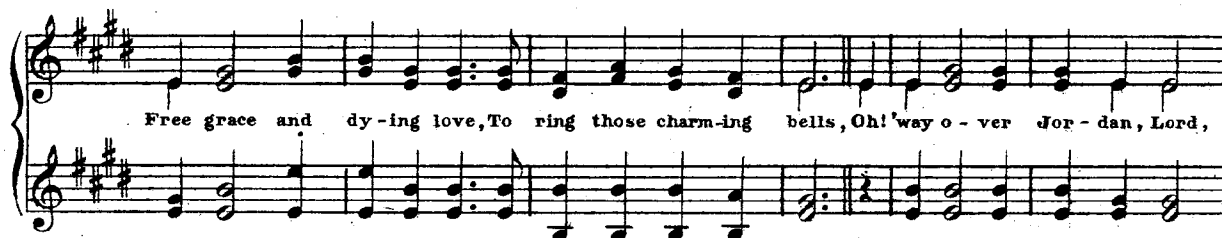
1. Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,
2. The preacher and the eld - er's just gone long,
3. My fa-ther and a moth-er's just gone long,
4. The Method-ist and Bap-tist's just gone long,



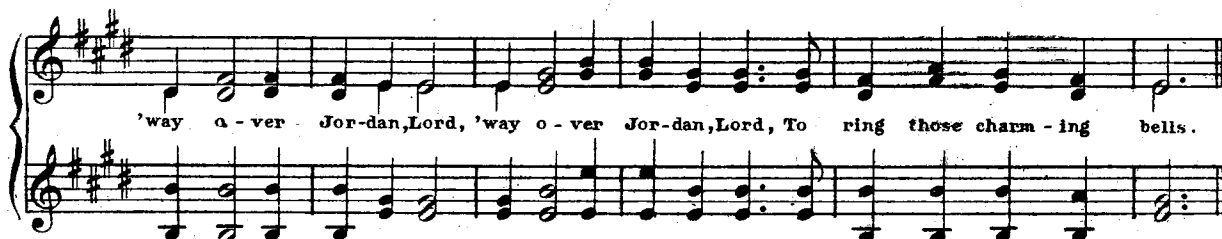
Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,  
The preacher and the eld - er's just gone long, The preacher and the eld - er's just gone long,  
My fa-ther and a moth-er's just gone long, My fa-ther and a moth-er's just gone long,  
The Method-ist and Bap-tist's just gone long, The Methodist and Bap-tist's just gone long,



ring those charm - ing bells; Cry-ing free grace and - dy ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love,



Free grace and dy-ing love, To ring those charm-ing bells, Oh! 'way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord,



'way a - ver Jor-dan, Lord, 'way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charm - ing bells.

## NEVER MIND.

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

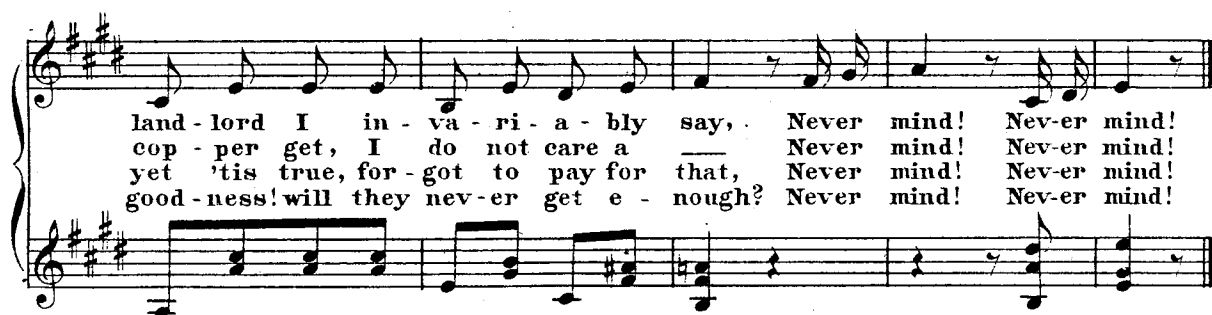
1. No mat-ter what the trouble be, I  
 2. Tho' I've had to do all sorts of things to  
 3. The fish-ing banks I vis-it-ed, and  
 4. The women're taking all our rights, which

act up on this rule. Nev-er mind! If I find I'm go-ing  
 earn a crust of bread. Nev-er mind! Tho' I've vain-ly tried to  
 though I found it hot. Nev-er mind! I heard a good fish  
 seems to me, is wrong. Nev-er mind! The men, I think, will

to give way, its "Bob don't be a fool! Never mind!" I've had a rather  
 earn a coin by standing on my head. Never mind! When in the streets a  
 din-ner for a quarter could be got, Never mind! I couldn't get a  
 have to tend the ba-bies be-fore long, Never mind! The wo-men say that

tough time in this world to make head-way, I've hard-ly ev-er  
 sing-ing of a song I oft-en am, I'm chaff'd by all the  
 seat be-cause the crowd they mashed me flat, But I man-aged to pick  
 men are brutes, and that they're treat ed rough, They want to wear the

had the coin the lit-tle rent to pay, In fact un-to the  
 street boys, and run o-ver by the tram, Tho' I some-times don't a  
 up a meal and stow it in my hat, And, ver-y strange but  
 trou-sers, and they spout all sorts of stuff, But goodness, gracious



land-lord I in - va - ri - a - bly say, . Never mind! Nev-er mind!  
 cop - per get, I do not care a — Never mind! Nev-er mind!  
 yet 'tis true, for - got to pay for that, Never mind! Nev-er mind!  
 good-ness! will they nev-er get e - nough? Never mind! Nev-er mind!

## BINGO. BALM OF GILEAD.

COLLEGE SONG.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
 FRANK B. CONVERSE.



Here's to good old Yale, drink it down. Drink it down.

Here's to good old Yale, drink it down. Drink it down.

Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale, drink it

*Fine.*

down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gilead, Gilead,

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, way down on the Bing-o farm. We

won't go home a - ny more, We won't go home a - ny more, We

won't go home a - ny more, Way down on the Bing-o farm.

*p* Bing-o, Bing-o, Bing-o, Bing-o, Bing-o, Bing-o, Way *cresc.*

*ff* down on the Bing-o farm. *Spoken.* B, I, N, G, O.

# HOT CORN.

(CHARACTERISTIC "BANJO SOLO")

41

Banjo Style Accompaniment.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. De sweet-est corn I eb-er eat,  
2. "Oh can't you buy?" I guess I can.  
3. I see de corn a smok-in' hot,

Sweet-est corn I eb-er eat,  
"Can't you buy?" I guess I can.  
See de corn a smok-in' hot,

De sweet-est corn I eb-er eat, I bought it down up-on de street, De  
"De corn am nice and sweet, young man An' butt'r an' salt up-on de pan, So  
I see de corn a smok-in' hot, An' plen-ty bil-in' in de pot, I

yal-ler gal she look'd so neat A sell-in' ob de hot corn.  
come an' buy jus' when you can, Dar's noth-in' like de green corn".  
nev-er think I did for-got, De gal a sell-in' hot corn.

## Chorus.

Bring on de hot corn, Whar am de dem-i-john? Fotch on de green corn. Oh! my

## Refrain. *ad libitum.*

yal-ler gal Good mornin'. Hot corn! hot corn, Here's your nice hot corn, smokin' hot!

# PRETTY LIPS.

(NEUM, NEUM, NEUM.)

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

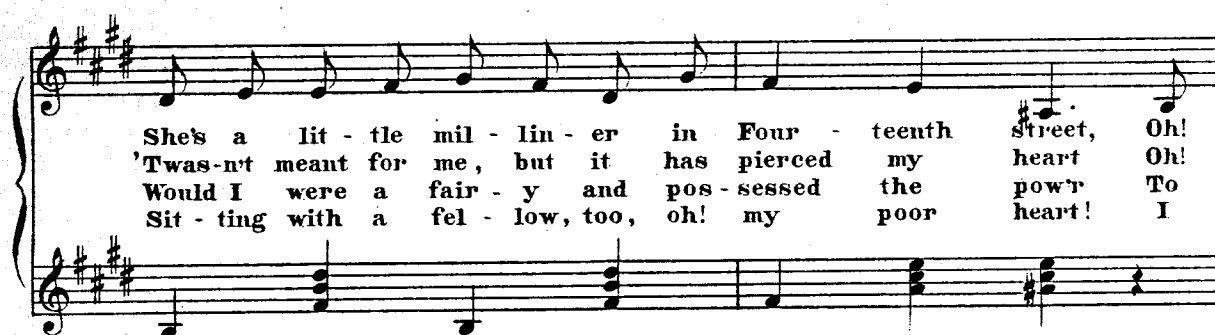
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. I am a bach-e-lor, is - n't it sad, Lass-es ne'er lov-est me,  
 2. Why is it oth-er men seem-eth so blest? Plen-ty of pret-ty girls,  
 3. Though not so good look-ing as when a young lad, I'm not at all ug-ly al-  
 4. Can I ask an-y girl pres-ent I see To be so good as take

aint it too bad? Hun-dreds of pret-ty girls dai-ly I see,  
 pet-ted, caressed, Though I smile lov-ing-ly when them I see,  
 though I look sad, My figure's as good as a fel-low's can be,  
 pit-y on me? An-swer, I'm wait-ing, for what will it be?

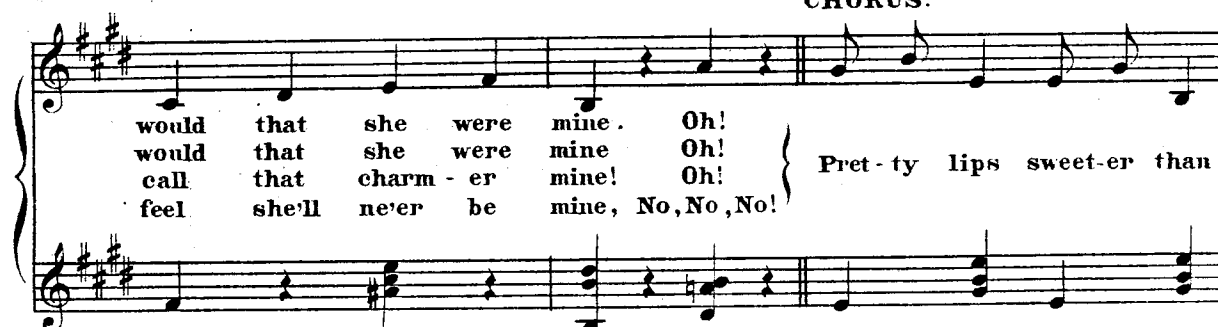
Yet there's not one of them will love me; There's a lit-tle beau-ty whom I  
 Yet there's not one of them will love me. But there's not a doubt that master  
 Yet there's not an-y girl will love me. Why am I per-mit-ted like a  
 No there's not one of them will love me! Gracious goodness, what is it that

oft-en meet, She's such a dear, up-on my word I doat on her,  
 Cu-pid's dart, Has been fired-by that fas-ci-na-ting mil-lin-er,  
 sin-gle flow'r, To with'r and die in all my blooming youth-ful-ness?  
 makes me start! She's o-ver there, my pret-ty lit-tle mil-in-er,



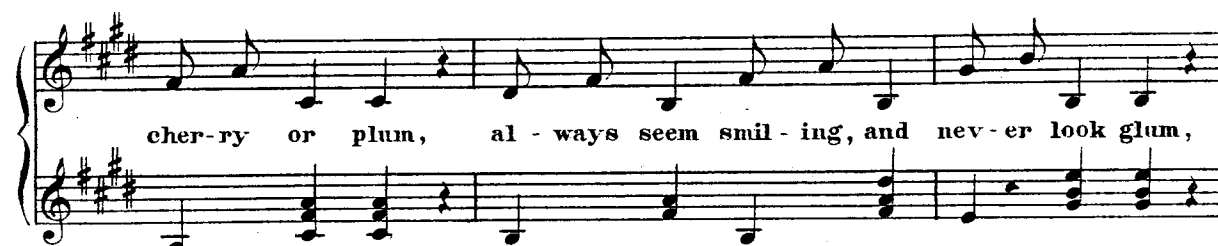
She's a lit - tle mil - lin - er in Four - tenth street, Oh!  
 'Twas-nt meant for me, but it has pierced my heart, Oh!  
 Would I were a fair - y and pos - sessed the pow'r To  
 Sit - ting with a fel - low, too, oh! my poor heart! I

## CHORUS.

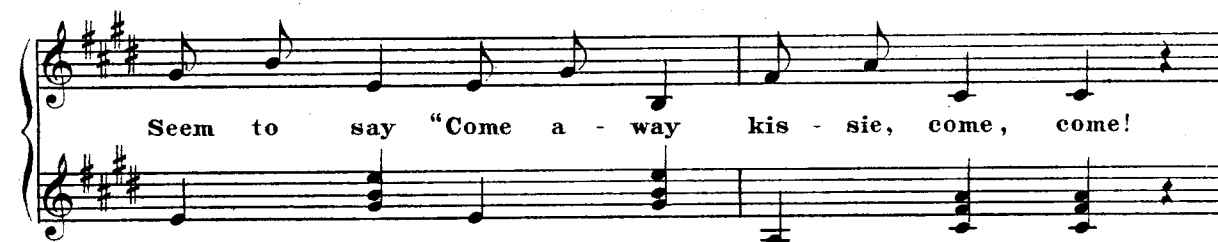


would that she were mine. Oh!  
 would that she were mine. Oh!  
 call that charm - er mine! Oh!  
 feel she'll nev'er be mine, No, No, No!

Pret - ty lips sweet - er than



cher - ry or plum, al - ways seem smil - ing, and nev - er look glum,



Seem to say "Come a - way kis - sie, come, come!



Neum - y neum, neum - y neum, neum, neum, neum!

## AY CHIQUITA.

YRADIER. Composer.

(LOST FOREVER.)

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. They tell me that ties most ho - ly Will  
 2. Be - trothed when to - geth - er glad - ly, At  
 3. Fare - well! our past ties are brok - en, True

claim thee, my heart must break! Thy love was my pride, my  
 morn - ing to church you go, Be - ware lest through shad - ow  
 love for new love be - tray. But think not a fare - well

fol - ly, I liv'd for but thy dear sake! In  
 sad - ly, The death hymn should ech - o low, Lest  
 spok - en, Ef - fac - es a sin - gle day; Love,

pass - ing be - fore my dwelling, Shouldst thou the deep death bell  
 while the soft smiles en - snare thee That break o'er thy fair bride's  
 pit - y, re - gret - ful yearning, Will cloud all thy joys to

hear, Oh whis - per, for her 'tis knelling, She died in her dark de -  
 face, The fu - ner - al train should bear me, Pale, cold to my rest - ing  
 come; Still, still to the past re - turn - ing, Thy heart will a - venge my

spair! Who a - gain,  
place. Who a - gain,  
doom: Who a - gain } Who a - gain will love me? Joy is

o'er in this world for me! I've lov'd nought on earth a -

bove thee, and I die, I die for thee! Who a -


gain, who a - gain will love me? Me for - sak - en! I lov'd nought ..... on

earth, nought on earth a - bove thee, And I die, I die for thee!

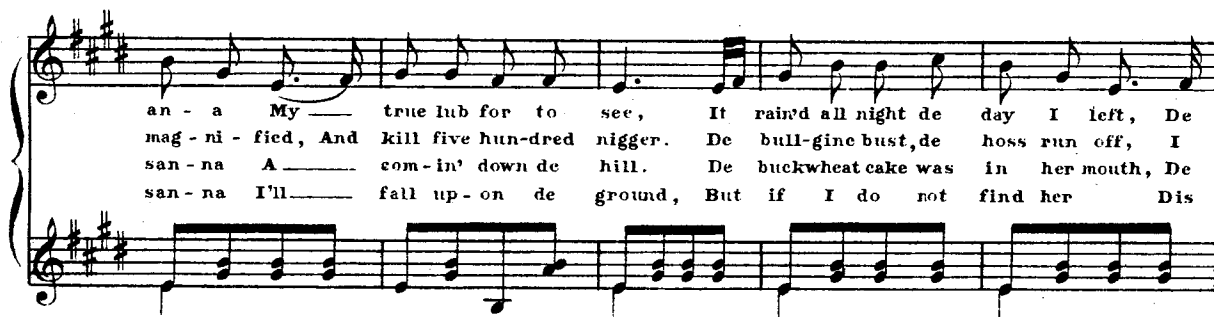
last time.

## OH SUSANNA.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. I came from Al-a - bam-a wid my ban-jo on my knee, I'm gwan to Lou - si -  
2. I jump'd a-board de tel - e-graph, and trabeled down de ribber, De 'lee-tric flu - id  
3. I had a dream de od - der night, when eb'-ry thing was still. I thought I saw Su -  
4. I soon will be in New Or-leans, and den I'll look all 'round, And when I find Su -



an - a My — true lub for to see, It rain'd all night de day I left, De  
mag - ni - fied, And kill five hun-dred nigger. De bull-gine bust, de hoss run off, I  
san - na A — com-in' down de hill. De buckwheat cake was in her mouth, De  
san - na I'll — fall up - on de ground, But if I do not find her Dis



wed-der it was dry, De sun so hot I froze to deff, Su - san-na, don't you cry.  
real - ly thought I'd die; I shut my eyes to hold my breff, Su - san-na, don't you cry.  
tear was in her eye; Says I, I'm com-in' from de South, Su - san-na, don't you cry.  
dark-ey'll sure - ly die; And when I'm dead and buried — Su - san-na, don't you cry.

## Chorus.



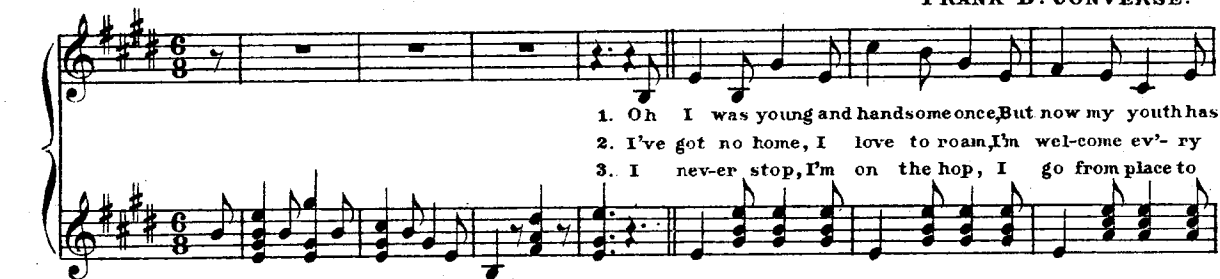
Oh! Su-sanna, Oh, don't you cry for me, I've come from Al-a - bam-a, Wid my ban-jo on my knee.

# OLD BLACK SNOW.

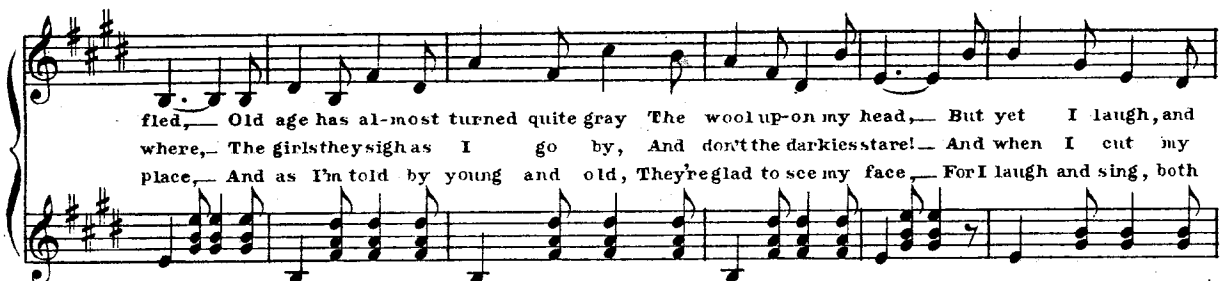
47

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

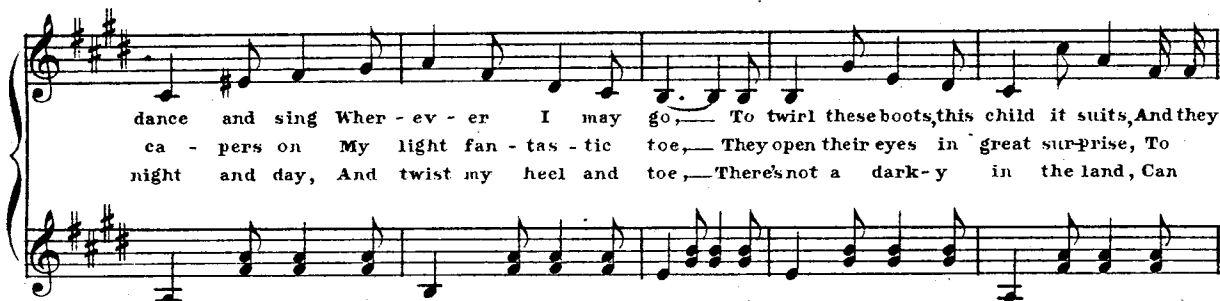
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



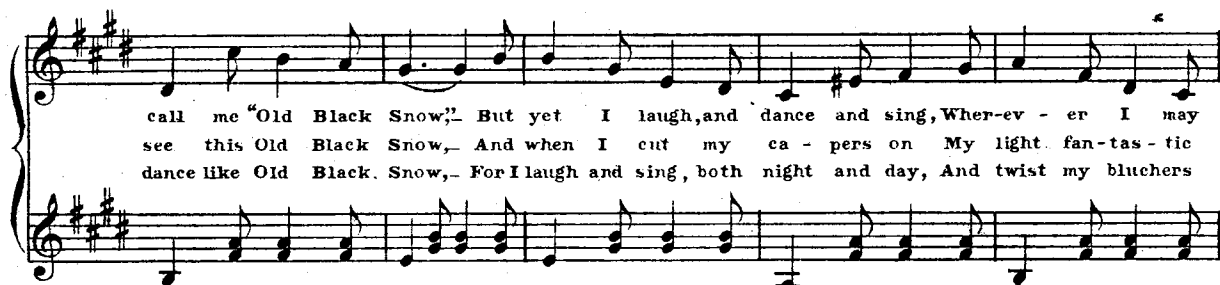
1. Oh I was young and handsome once, But now my youth has  
2. I've got no home, I love to roam, I'm wel-come ev'-ry  
3. I nev-er stop, I'm on the hop, I go from place to



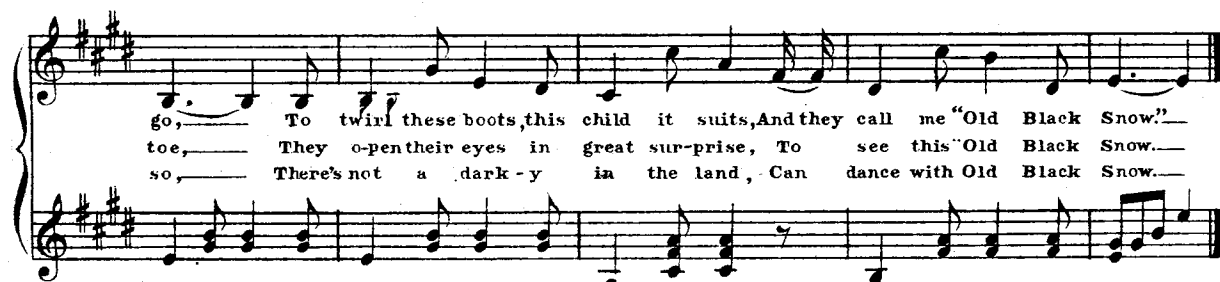
fled, Old age has al-most turned quite gray The wool up-on my head, But yet I laugh, and  
where, The girls they sigh as I go by, And don't the darkies stare! And when I cut my  
place, And as I'm told by young and old, They're glad to see my face, For I laugh and sing, both



dance and sing Wher-ev-er I may go, To twirl these boots, this child it suits, And they  
ca - pers on My light fan - tas - tic toe, They open their eyes in great sur-prise, To  
night and day, And twist my heel and toe, There's not a dark-y in the land, Can



call me "Old Black Snow," But yet I laugh, and dance and sing, Wher-ev-er I may  
see this Old Black Snow, And when I cut my ca - pers on My light fan - tas - tic  
dance like Old Black. Snow, For I laugh and sing, both night and day, And twist my bluchers



go, To twirl these boots, this child it suits, And they call me "Old Black Snow."  
toe, They o-pen their eyes in great sur-prise, To see this "Old Black Snow."  
so, There's not a dark-y in the land, Can dance with Old Black Snow.

# THE PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. 'Twas on a bright mornin' in summer, That I first heard his voices packin' low, As he  
2. I have not the manners or graces Of the girls in the world where ye move, I  
3. The summer has yielded to autumn, And the daisies and clo-ver tops fade, And the

said to a col-leen be-side him "Who's that pur-ty girl milk-in' her cow?" Och!  
have not their beau-ti-ful fac-es, But oh! I've a heart that can love; If it  
cat-tle come home from the pastures, Then say, do ye love me in - dade? Sure your

man - y times oft - en ye met me, And told me that I ..... should be Your  
plase ye I'll dress me in sat-in, And jew-els, I'll put on my brow, But  
love will not fade like the summer, But ev - er your col - leen will be, Your

dar - ling A - cush-la A - lan-na Ma - vour-neen, A - sui-lish Ma - chree.  
och! don't be af-ther for-gettin' Your pur-ty girl milk-in' her cow.  
dar - ling A - cush-la A - lan-na Ma - vour-neen, A - sui-lish Ma - chree.

To Miss Annie A. Rooney.  
**MY PEPITA.**  
 (SPANISH SONG.)

49

Arranged for the Banjo by  
**FRANK B. CONVERSE.**



1. The lips of my Pe - pi - ta are much sweeter than wine,  
 2. The eyes of my Cha-cha are as black as the night,

And her eyes they are like diamonds, But nev-er will be  
 And her teeth they are pret-ty And like milk clear and

mine, For dar-ling Ni-na will not have me, And my love  
 white, But still my Ni-na does not love me, And my love

she does de - cline..... Oh her lips they are like the ros-es  
 she does de - cline..... And her white teeth, and her black eyes,

But they are not for me.  
 They are not for me.

## JUANITA.

SPANISH SONG.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Soft o'er the  
2. When in thy

fountain, Ling'ring falls the Southern moon: Far o'er the mountain,  
dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light  
Prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not re - lenting, For thine ab - sent

loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare -  
lov - er sigh? In thy heart con - sent-ing To a pray'r gone

well! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!  
by? Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side!

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta, Lean thou on my heart.  
Ni ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

# HER AGE IT WAS RED.

51

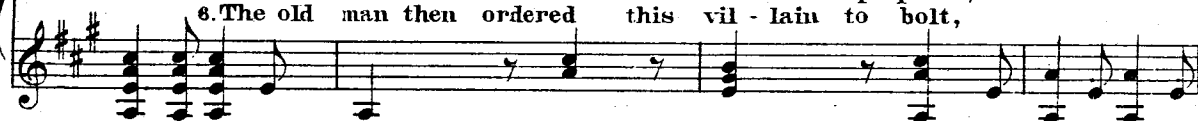
(BANJO SOLO.)

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

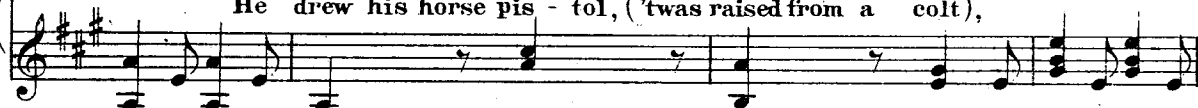
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



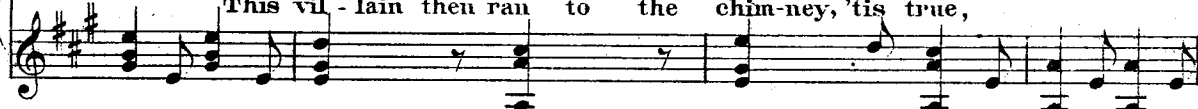
1. It's a long time to come, re - mem - ber it well,
2. Now she had a lover who close by did dwell,
3. Says she un - to him, "now gen - tly, be wise,
4. So, she re - fused him, he knock'd down the maid,
5. Just at this moment her fa - ther ap - pears,
6. The old man then ordered this vil - lain to bolt,



A - lone in a Poor House a maid - en did dwell,  
He was cross eyed in both feet and humpbacked as well,  
Or my fa - ther will scratch out your nails with his eyes,  
And quick - ly he o - pened the knife of his blade,  
He gazed on his daugh - ter with eyes in his tears,  
He drew his horse pis - tol, ('twas raised from a colt),



She lived with her fa - ther and moth - er se - rene,  
Says he "fly with me by the light of yon star,"  
If you love me you'll nev - er bring on this dis - grace",  
He then cut the throat of this maid - en so fair,  
He knelt down be - side her, her cold face he kissed,  
This vil - lain then ran to the chim - ney, 'tis true,



Her age it was red, and her hair was nine - teen.  
For you are the eye of my ap - ple you are!"  
Sighed the maid as she bur - ied her hands in her face.  
And he dragged her a - round by the head of her hair.  
Then he rushed with his throat at the mur - der - er's fist.  
Says he "Now I fly!" and he flew up the flue.



## TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Sing oh! for a brave and a  
2. My true love she is  
3. Oh! that was a dark and

val - iant bark, And a brisk and live - ly breeze, A bull - y crew, and a  
beau - ti - ful, My true love she is young, Her eyes are blue as the  
dis - mal day When last she left the strand, She bade good - bye with a

cap - tain too, To car - ry me o - ver the seas; To  
vio - let's hue, And sil - ver - y is her tongue; And  
tear - ful eye And waved her lil - - y hand; And

car - ry me o - ver the seas, my boys, To my true love so gay, She has  
sil - ver - y sounds her tongue, my boys, But while I sing this lay She is  
waved her lil - y hand, my boys, As the big ship left the bay A - -

tak - en a trip on a Gov - ern - ment ship, Ten thou - sand miles a - way.  
do - ing the grand in a dis - tant land, Ten thou - sand miles a - way.  
dien, says she re - mem - ber me Ten thou - sand miles a - way.

## Chorus.

So blow the winds, I oh! A roving I will go, I'n

stay no more on Yan-kee shore, So let the mu-sic play; I

start by the morn-ing train, To cross the rag-ing main, For

I'm on the move to my own true love, Ten thou-sand miles a-way.

4.

Oh! if I could be but a bo's'n bold,  
Or only a bom-bar-dier,  
I'd hire a boat, and hurry afloat,  
And straight to my true love steer;  
And straight to my true love steer, my boys,  
Where the dancing dolphins play,  
And the whales and sharks are having their larks,  
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus.

5.

Oh! the sun may shine through an Eastern fog,  
And the rivers run bright and clear,  
The ocean's brine be turned to wine,  
And I forget my beer,  
And I forget my beer; my boys,  
And landlord's quarter-day,  
But I'll never part from my own sweetheart  
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus.

# HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL.

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. I heard my aunt once  
2. Oh they were wrecked, William  
3. So William Kidd a

sing a chant, Which now praps is nt new, Of Bil - ly Kidd, who what  
to the shore he swam, And look'd a-bout for an inn, When a noble savage lady, of a  
happy life led, As the king of the Kik - a - roos, He had noth-ing but a

ev-er he did, To his Poll was al-ways true, He sailed a - way in a  
col-or rather shady, Came up with a cheerful grin; Says she "marry me and a  
hat upon his head, And a pair of o - ver shoes. They made him a pres-ent of

gal - lant ship, From the pret-ty port of jol-ly Bris - tol, And the  
king you'll be, And in a pal - ace loll, Or they'll  
tween - ty wives, Which their beanties I cannot now ex - tol; But one

last words he ut - tered, While his han-ker - chee he flut-tered, Were "My  
eat you like a fil - let". So he gave his hand, did Bil - ly, But his  
day they all re - volt - ed, So he back to Bris-tol start-ed, For his

## Chorus.

heart is true to Poll." } His heart was true to. Poll, His heart was true to Poll, No  
heart was true to Poll. }  
heart was true to Poll. }

mat- ter what you do, If your heart is ev- er true; And his heart was true to Poll.

# NO SIR.

(SPANISH BALLAD.)

WAKEFIELD. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Tell me one thing tell me tru- ly, Tell me why you scorn me  
2. My fa-ther was a Spanish merchant, And be- fore he went to  
3. If when walking in the gar- den, Plucking flowrs all wet with  
4. If when walking in the gar- den I should ask you to be

so? Tell me why when ask'd a question You will al- ways answer No?  
sea, He told me to be sure and answer "No" to all you said to me! } No sir,  
dew, Tell me will you be of- fended If I walk and talk with you?  
mine And should tell you that I lov'd you, Would you then my heart de- cline?

no sir, no sir, no — sir, no sir, no sir, no sir, no!

# HISTORY OB DE WORLD.

CHARACTERISTIC.

Banjo Style.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. Oh, I come from ole Vir - gin - ny, Wid my head so full ob  
2. Oh, de world was made in six days An' den dey made de  
3. An' den dey made de sea An' in it put de

knowledge, An' I neb - ber went to free school Nor a - ny od - er  
sky, An' den dey hung it o - ber head, An' left it dar to  
whale, An' den dey made de coon, wid A ring a - roun' his

college, But one thing I will tell you, An' it am a solemn fac', I'll  
dry: An' den dey made de stars Out ob nig - ger wench's eyes, For to  
tail, An' all de od - er an - i - mals Dey finished one by one, An'

Chorus.

tell you how dis world was made, In a twinklin' ob a crack,  
gib a lit - tle light when de moon did - n't rise. Den walk - e - in  
put 'em 'gainst de fence to dry, As fast as dey was done.

*Symphony*  
1  
Walk - e - in, I say, Walk in - to de

par - lor boys, An' hear de ban - jo play. Walk in - to de

kitch - en an' hear de ban - jo ring, An'

watch a dark - ey's fin - gers as he picks up - on de string.

4.

Now Adam was de fust man,  
 An' Ebe she was de oder,  
 An' Cain he was a wicked man  
 Beca'se he killed his brother;  
 Lot's wife she ran away,  
 Dey put her in a piller;  
 But de greatest man dat eber lived  
 Was Jack the Giant Killer.

5.

Noah sent de crow  
 For to try an' find de land,  
 He came back pretty soon  
 Wid a banjo in his hand,  
 He sat down an' played a tune  
 Dey call it "Juba Dat"  
 An' it brought 'em safe ashore  
 On de top of Ararat.

# CAMPTOWN RACES.

COLLEGE VERSION.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. De Camp-town race track five miles long, Du-dah, Du-dah, De Camp-town la-dies  
 2. Old moo-ly cow got on de track, Du-dah, Du-dah, De bob tail flinger  
 3. Oh, see them run a ten mile heat, Du-dah, Du-dah, Round de track, and

sing dis song, Du-dah, Du-dah, da! I went down there with my hat stove in,  
 over his back, Du-dah, Du-dah, da! running a race wid a shootin' star,  
 den re-peat, Du-dah, Du-dah, da! I win my mon-ey on de bob tail nag,

Du-dah, Du-dah, I come back home with lots ob tin, Du-dah, Du-dah, da!  
 Du-dah, Du-dah, Round de track like a railroad car, Du-dah, Du-dah, da!  
 Du-dah, Du-dah, I keep my money in an old tow bag, Du-dah, Du-dah, da!

**Chorus.**

I'm bound to run all night, I'm bound to run all day, I

bet my mon-ey on de bob tail nag, Some-bod-y bet on de bay!

# LITTLE WEE DOG.

59

COLLEGE SONG.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Oh where, oh  
2. I loves mine  
3. A- cross the  
4. Un' sas - sage

where ish my lit - tle dog gone? Oh where, oh where can he be? la, la,  
lag - er 'fish ver - y goot beer, Oh where, oh where can he be? la, la,  
o - cean in Gare - man - ie, Oh where, oh where can he be? la, la,  
is goot, bo - lo - nie of course, Oh where, oh where can he be? la, la,

la, His ears cut short and his tail cut lough, Oh where, oh where ish he? .....  
la, But mit no mon - ey I can - not drink here, Oh where, oh where ish he? .....  
la, Der Deitch - er's dog ish der best com - pan - ie, Oh where, oh where ish he? .....  
la, Dey makes un mit dog, un' dey makes un mit horse, Oh I guess dey makes em mit he! .....

Chorus. Warble.

La, la, la, la,

*ad lib.*

Drum Chords.

# POOR THING.

(BANJO SOLO.)

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Kind friends your at-ten-tion to  
2. She mar - ried and led a  
3. Now time wore on, she was

what I now will sing, Of a nice young girl I'll tell, Poor thing! She loved a stu - dent who  
ver - y hap - py life, Till the oth - er arm he begs, Poor thing! And made such ex - ac - tions of  
ver - y near - ly gone, Which she nev - er murmur'd at, Poor thing! Till he asked her for her tongue when she

slide. slide.

ev - ry day did go To the Belle - vue Hos - pi - tal. Poor thing! It caused her a - larm, when he  
per - son - al attractions, She soon had two wooden legs. Poor thing! He said "My Duck, I ad -  
said Mister Young, I'll see that you don't have that", Poor thing! "I must re - fuse, for you

slide. slide.

cut off her arm, And gave her an - oth - er of wood, But he said he should ex - pect when he  
mire your pluck", But she re - plied, poor thing, "It's ver - y hard luck for a  
might ill use The girl you are mar - ried to. But leave her her head, and her

3b

want - ed to dis - sect, She'd give him all the help she could. Poor thing!  
pret - ty lit - tle duck To have nei - ther a leg or wing. Poor thing!  
tongue so red, And she's al - ways a match for you". Poor thing!

slide. slide.

# WHAT WILL YOU DO LOVE?

61

S. LOVER, Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. What will you  
2. What would you  
3. What would you

do love when I am go - ing, With white sails flow - ing, the seas be -  
do love if dis - tant ti - dings, Thy fond con - fid - ings should un - der -  
do love when home re - turn - ing, With hopes high burn - ing, with wealth for

yond, What will you do, love when waves di - vide us And friends may  
mine, And I a hid - ing neath sul - try skies, Should think oth - er  
you, If my bark which bound - ed o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near

chide us for be - ing fond? "Tho' waves di - vide us and friends be  
eyes were as bright as thine? "Oh! name it not! ..... tho' guilt and  
home, Ah! what would you do? "So thou wert spared ..... I'd bless the

chid - ing, In faith a - bid - ing I'll still be true, And I'll pray for  
shame ..... Were on thy name ..... I'd still be true! But that heart of  
mor - row, In want and sor - row, That left me you, And I'd wel - come

thee on thy storm - y o - cean, In deep de - vo - tion, That's what I'll do!  
thine should an - oth - er share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?"  
thee from the wasting bil - low, This heart thy pil - low, That's what I'd do!"

# SKATING ON THE ICE.

BILLY CARTER Composer.

(BANJO SOLO.)

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

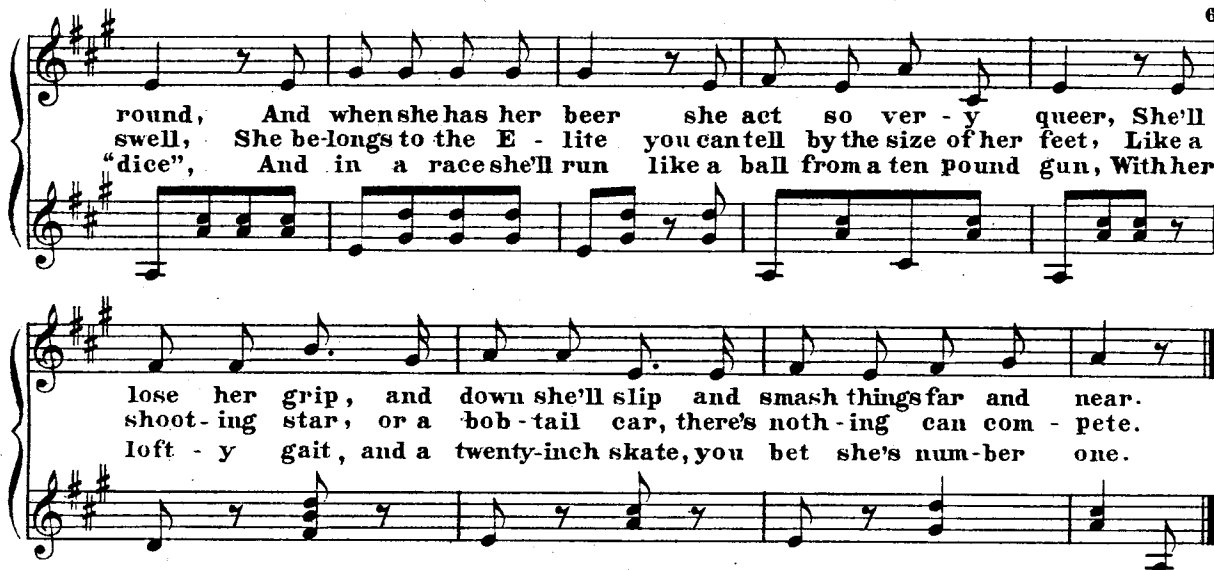
1. I oft - en take my girl out on the ice to skate, And  
 2. She nev - er makes a stop but goes right straight a - head And  
 3. She can cut the fig - ure eight, and spread the ea - gle too, And

of the sights we see, I'm go - ing to re - late, On a cold and slip - p'ry  
 if you happ'n in her path, she'll land you on your head, She ran a - gainst a  
 when she takes a tumble, I tell you things look blue, If she should run you

day, when ev' - ry thing is froze, She skips a - way so light and gay, with a  
 sleigh and split it clear in half, She al - ways knows what she's a - bout, this  
 down, she'd smash you fine as rice! They al - ways raise the dan - ger sign when

rose bud on her nose, Her e - qual can't be found, she weighs three hundred  
 graceful young gi - raffe, She's the fair - y of the lake, she makes her fig - ure  
 she comes on the ice, A standing on the ice, oh, ain't it aw - ful

pounds, With a seal skin sacque, short in the back, and it won't go half way.  
 tell, She got caught in a crack and land - ed on her back, which caus'd her head to  
 nice, To see this belle cap - size a swell, and "land" up - on his



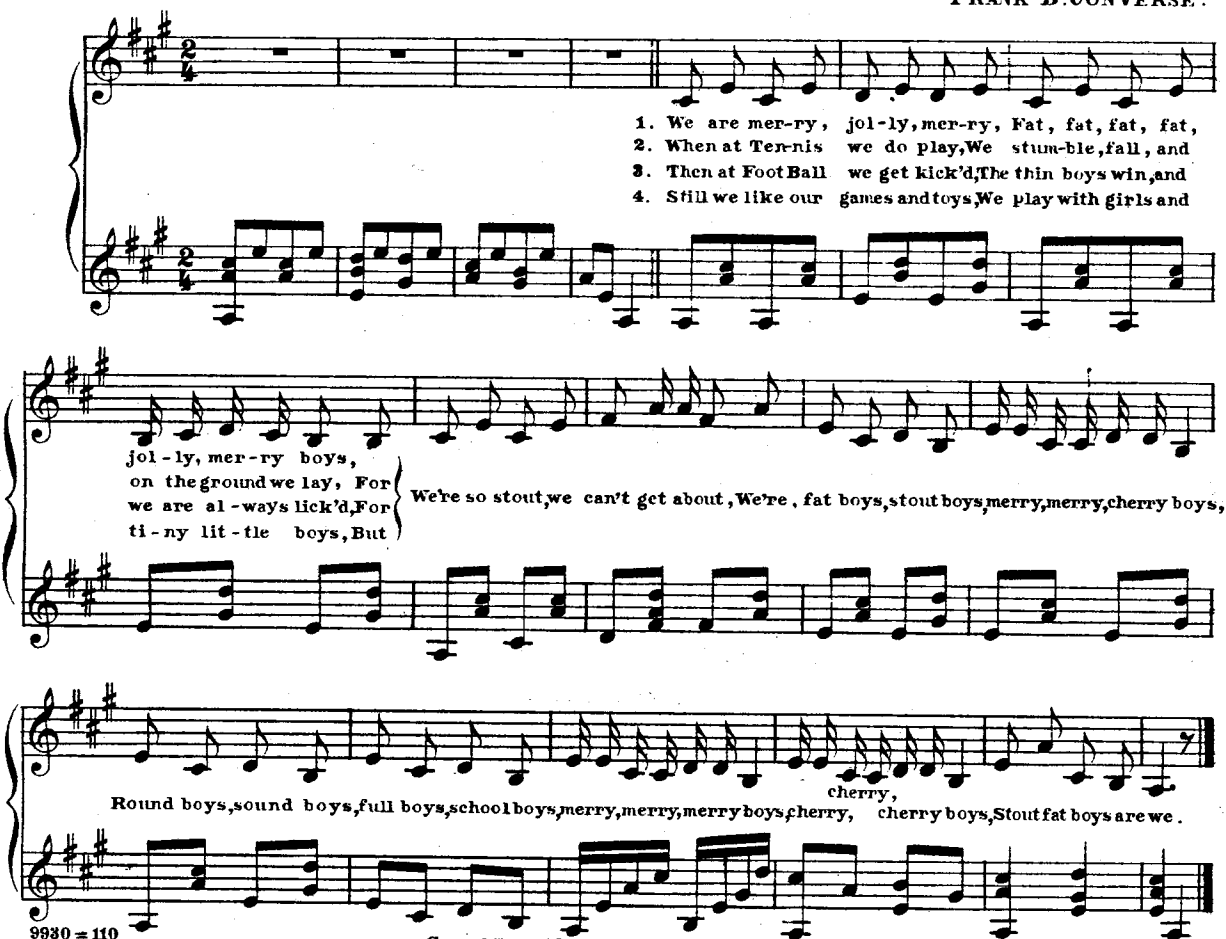
round, And when she has her beer she act so ver - y queer, She'll  
swell, She be-ongs to the E - lite you cantell by the size of her feet, Like a  
"dice", And in a race she'll run like a ball from a ten pound gun, With her

lose her grip, and down she'll slip and smash things far and near.  
shoot - ing star, or a bob - tail car, there's noth - ing can com - pete.  
loft - y gait, and a twenty - inch skate, you bet she's num - ber one.

## THE MERRY FAT BOYS.

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. We are mer-ry, jol-ly, mer-ry, Fat, fat, fat, fat,  
2. When at Ten-nis we do play, We stum-ble, fall, and  
3. Then at Foot Ball we get kick'd, The thin boys win, and  
4. Still we like our games and toys, We play with girls and

jol-ly, mer-ry boys,  
on the ground we lay, For  
we are al-ways lick'd, For  
ti-ny lit-tle boys, But

We're so stout, we can't get about, We're, fat boys, stout boys, merry, merry, cherry boys,

Round boys, sound boys, full boys, school boys, merry, merry, merry boys, cherry, cherry boys, Stout fat boys are we.

# LARDY DAH!

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. Let me in-tro-duce a fel-lah, Lar-dy dah, Lar-dy dah, A fel-lah who's a swell, ah! lar-dy  
2. He is something in an of-fice, Lar-dy dah, Lar-dy dah, And he quite the cit-y toff is, lar-dy  
3. When he's been out o-ver night, Lar-dy dah, Lar-dy dah, His luncheon's ver-y slight, ah, lar-dy  
4. His shirt is ver-y trick-y, Lar-dy dah, Lar-dy dah, It's a pair of cuffs and dick-ey, lar-dy

dah! Tho' small the cash he drew, yet, The week he struggles thro' it, For he knows the way to do it, lar-dy  
dah! He cuts a swell so fine, oh! He quite forgets to dine oh, For he blows in all his rhino lar-dy  
dah! His Par-is diamonds cle-ah Look in-deed a lit-tle quee-ha, With his sandwich and his be-ah lar-dy  
dah! His boots are pat-ent leather, But they nev-er stand wet weather, For they're paper glued to-gether lar-dy

## Chorus.

dah, lar-dy dah! For he knows the way to do the lar-dy dah! —  
dah, lar-dy dah! For he blows in all his rhi-no lar-dy dah! — He wears a pen-ny flow-er in his  
dah, lar-dy dah! With his sand wich and his be-ah lar-dy dah! —  
dah, lar-dy dah! For they're pa-per glued to-gether lar-dy dah! —

coat, lar-dy dah! And a pen-ny pa-per col-lar round his throat, lar-dy dah! In his

hand a pen-ny stick, In his tooth a pen-ny pick, And a pen-ny in his pock-et, lar-dy

dah, lar - dy dahl! And a pen - ny in his pock - et, lar - dy dahl

## JUST IN TIME.

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. All thro' my life I've tried to be, Just in time, And here I am a - gain you see,  
2. I once pick'd up a five pound note, Just in time, To keep me mer - ri - ly a - float  
3. I met my tail - or yes - ter - day Just in time, To be too late to run a - way,  
4. My wife will oft - en say to me, "Just in time, To take dear ba - by on your knee,

Just in time, To get to school I praps was slow, And  
Just in time, I thought a prize I'd sure - ly copped And  
Just in time, Says he "brass up for that last suit". I  
Just in time", Well though I'm not a bad pa - pa, You

like a snail would crawling go, Al - ways got home to din - ner though  
to the bank I quick - ly hopped To find that pay - ment had been stopped  
turned my back to do a skoot, And then he raised his beast - ly boot.  
know how fun - ny ba - bies are, So I just hand him back to ma,

### Refrain.

Just in time, Not too soon and not too late, But Just in time.

# AWFULLY AWFUL.

G. W. HUNT. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Tempo di Valse.

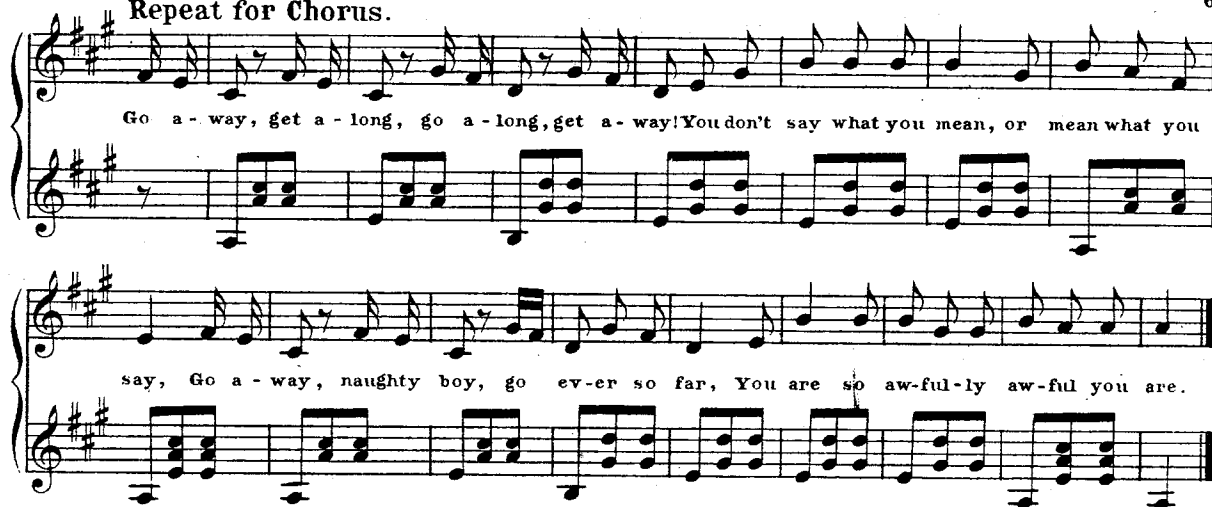
1. They tell me I am too bash-ful, by far, And sometimes I think they are right.—  
 2. When I go to a ball and one asks me to dance, At the fin-ish I soon slip a - way,—  
 3. I dread Christmas time, when - e'er it comes round, Tho' it's aw-ful - ly jol - ly, I know,—

— But so aw-ful - ly naughty the mas - cu - lines are, No won - der one feels in a  
 — For I know Mis - ter Noodle, if he has the chance, Is sure to have something to  
 — But so man - y young men a - gain and a - gain Lead me un - der the mis - tle -

fright; — I've been led to be - lieve men were born to de - ceive, So when they their compliments  
 say; — So I stop the sad man, as soon as I can, In case he'd be go - ing too  
 toe; — Oh! And would you be lieve, on last Christmas eve, I found a young man at my

pay, — In language ab - surd, I don't hear a word, But first as a caution I say. —  
 far, — Per - haps what he'd tell, he has told two or three, For such sad Don Gio - vannis they are. —  
 feet — With an of - fer of marriage, a mansion and carriage, Of course I soon beat a re - treat. —

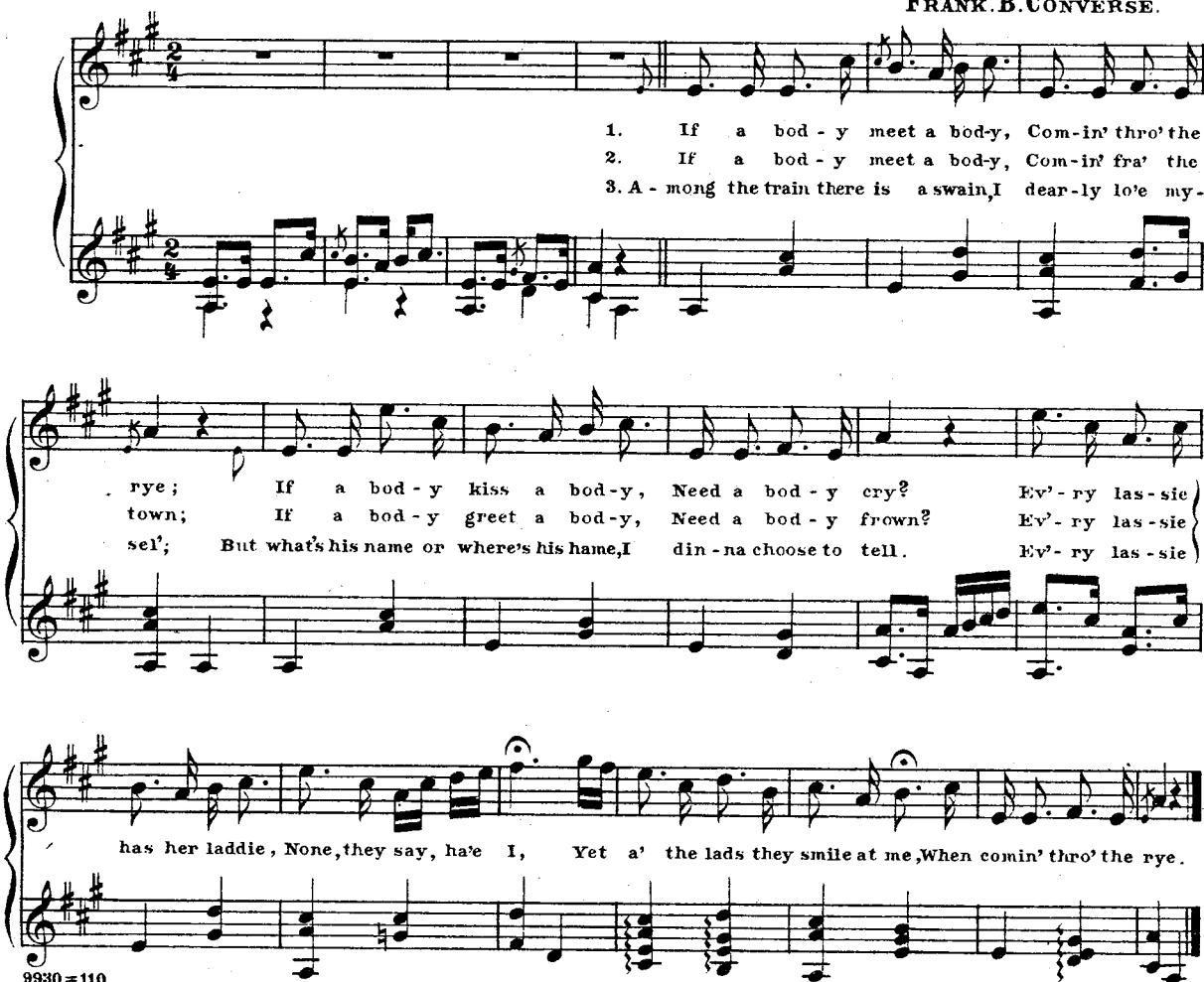
## Repeat for Chorus.



Go a-way, get a-long, go a-long, get a-way! You don't say what you mean, or mean what you say, Go a-way, naughty boy, go ev-er so far, You are so aw-ful-ly aw-ful you are.

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the  
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' fra' the  
3. A-mong the train there is a swain, I dear-ly lo'e my-rye;  
If a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? Ev'-ry las-sie  
town; If a bod-y greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Ev'-ry las-sie  
sel'; But what's his name or where's his name, I din-na choose to tell. Ev'-ry las-sie  
has her laddie, None, they say, ha'e I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' thro' the rye.

# LOVE IS SUCH A FUNNY THING.

BILLY CARTER Comp'r

("BANJO SOLO")

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1.

1. Oh, love, it is such a ver-y fun - ny thing, It  
2. When a young man falls in love with a girl, He  
3. So now, young men, take my ad - vice, "Don't  
tick - les the young and the old, It's just like a tick-et in a  
talks just as gentle as a dove, He calls her his hon-ey, and he  
be in a hurry for to wed," For you'll think you're in clo-ver till the  
big lot-ter-y, And many's the man it's sold; It'll make you dance, And make you sing, And  
spends lots of money, To show he is solid in his love; But when his money's gone, And his clothes in "hock," He'll  
honeymoon is over, And then you'll wish you were dead! With a crossey'd ba - by on each knee, And a  
cause your head to swell, And if you get spooney in a love making game, 'Twill  
find the old saying true, "There's many a dip twixt the lipper and the slip, But  
wife hanging onto your nose, You'll find that love don't run so smooth When you  
empty your pock-et book as well. Then boys keep a-way from the  
what's a young man going to do? With a wife and sev - en - teen  
have to wear second - hand clothes! When the rent is high, the

girls I say, And give them plen-ty of room, Or you'll find when you're wed they'll  
half starved brats, I tell you it's no fun, When the butch-er calls round to  
brats will cry, Be - cause they've nothing to chaw, Then you holler for your son to  
bang you on the head, With the bald head - ed end of a broom.  
get his bill, With a dog and a double barrelled gun.  
load up his gun, And vaccinate your moth - er - in - law.

## BARNEY MCCOY.

or

### I AM GOING AWAY NORAH DARLING.

Words and Music by W. S. MILTON.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Andante.

1. I am go - ing a - way, No - rah dar - ling, And  
2. I would go with you dear Bar - ney dar - ling, But the  
leav - ing such an an - gel far be - hind; It will  
rea - son why I told you oft be - fore; It would  
break my heart in two, which I fond-ly gave to you, And no  
break poor mother's heart if from her I had to part, And go

## Chorus.

oth-er one so lov-ing kind and true, Then come to my arms No-rah  
roaming with you Bar-ney Me Coy. }

dar-ling, Bid your friends in old Ireland good bye; And it's happy we will be, in that

dear land of the free, Liv-ing hap-py with your Barney Mc Coy.

3.

I am going far a way, Norah darling,  
Just as sure as there's a God that I adore;  
But remember what I say, that until the Judgment day  
You will never see your Barney any more.

Chorus.

4.

I would go with you, Barney darling,  
If my mother and the rest of them were there;  
For I know we would be blest in that dear land of the west,  
Living happy with you, Barney Mc Coy.

Chorus.

5.

I am going far away, Norah darling,  
And the ship is now anchored in the bay,  
And before tomorrow you will hear the signal gun  
So be ready, for it will carry us away.

Chorus.

# THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

71

M. W. BALFE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In  
2. When coldness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize And

lan - guage whose ex - cess in - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There  
deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes; When

may per - chance in such a ..... scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be, Of  
hol - low hearts shall wear a ..... mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber  
such a mo - ment I but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber

me, ..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.  
me, ..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

## NANCY LEE.

Composed by  
STEPHEN ADAMS.

Arranged for the Banjo By  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know -----  
2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow -----  
3. The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be-low -----

Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee, I  
Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I  
Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health be-fore we

throw Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! See there she stands and  
throw Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! But true and bright from  
go Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! A long long life to

waves her hands up - on the quay, An' ev' - ry day when I'm a-way she'll  
morn till night my home will be An' all so neat, and snug an' sweet, for  
my sweet wife, an' mates at sea; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones, wher-

watch for me, An' whis-per low when trumpets blow, for Jack at sea, Yeo  
Jack at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me, Yeo  
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee, Yeo

ho!..... lads ho!..... Yeo ho!  
 ho!..... lads ho!..... Yeo ho!  
 ho!..... lads ho!..... Yeo ho!

The sail - or's wife, the sail - or's

star..... shall be, Yeo ho!..... we go a - cross the sea,..... The sail-or's

wife, the sailor's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.....


## SPEAK TO ME.

F. CAMPANO.

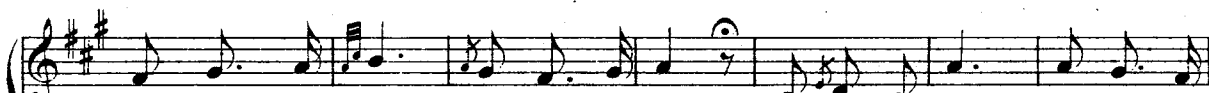
Arranged for the Banjo by  
 FRANK B. CONVERSE.

*a tempo.*

1. Why turn a - way, When I draw near? Why cold to day?  
 2. One i - dle day Thou didst de - plore, Some cast a - way




Once I was dear! Then thy heart stirred, And flushed thy brow.  
On des - ert shore; 'Twas but a tale By po - et feigned,




Nev - er a word, Wel - comes me now. Now thy hand lies, List - less in  
Yet thou didst pale, Si - lent and pained! And thou didst moan. Sad, sad to




mine; Once its re - plies, Spake love di - vine! Cold as if we  
be, "Ut - ter - ly lone By the bleak sea!" My life is dear,



Nev - er had met, Can it then be Hearts can for - get? Ah!.....  
I cast a - way, Give me the tear, Thou shedd'st that day! Ah!.....



Speak to me, speak! Be my heart heard! Or will it break, For one poor word!

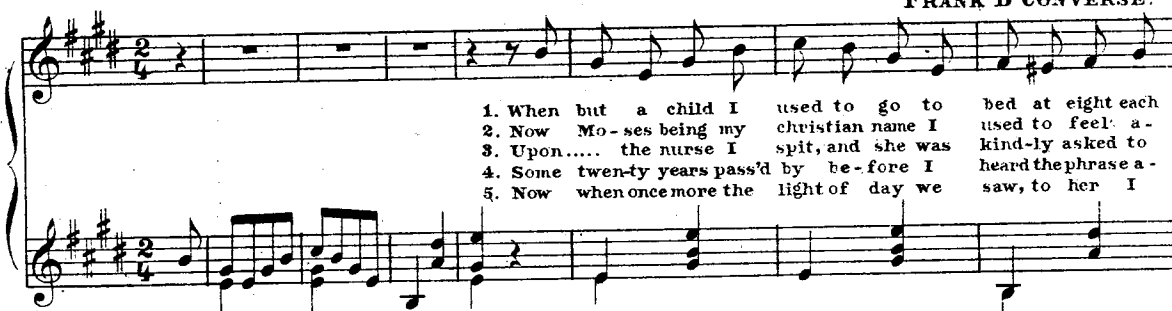


No vow to bind, No pledge I seek; On - ly be kind, Speak to me, speak!

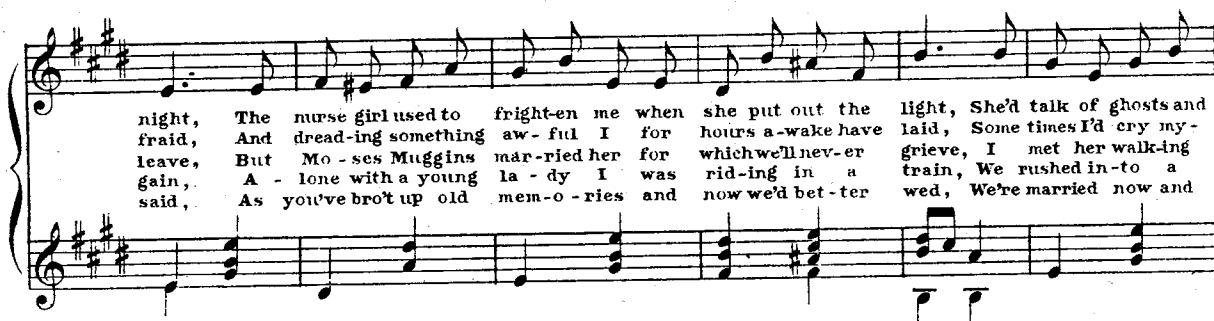
# WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT?

75

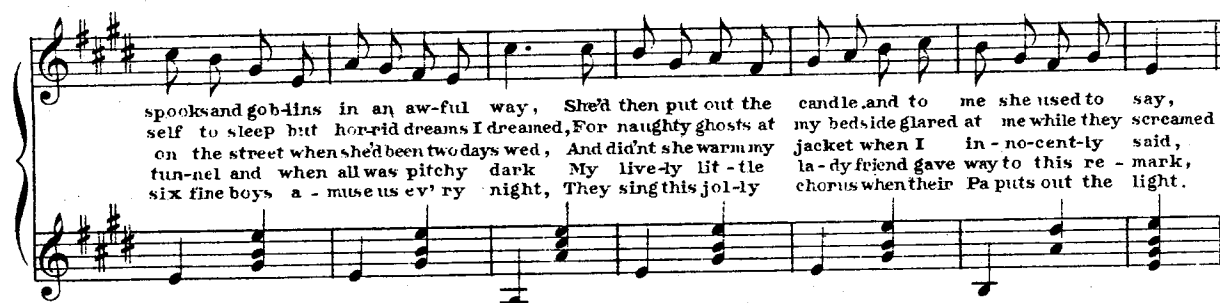
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B CONVERSE.



1. When but a child I used to go to bed at eight each  
2. Now Mo-ses being my christian name I used to feel a-  
3. Upon..... the nurse I spit, and she was kind-ly asked to  
4. Some twenty years pass'd by be-fore I heard the phrase a-  
5. Now when once more the light of day we saw, to her I

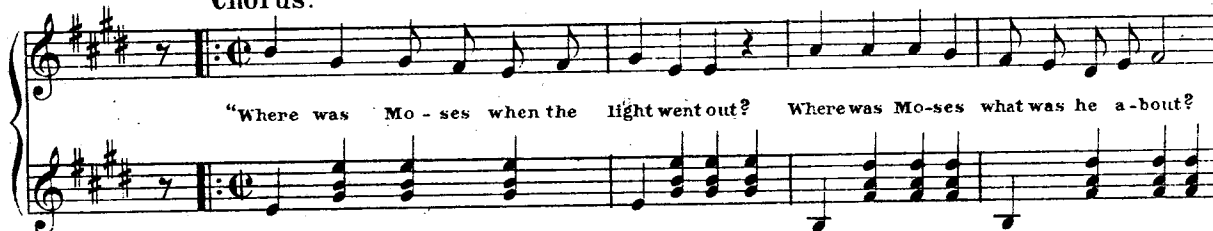


night, The nurse girl used to frighten me when she put out the light, She'd talk of ghosts and  
fraid, And dread-ing something aw-ful I for hours a-wake have laid, Some times I'd cry my-  
leave, But Mo-ses Muggins mar-ried her for which we'll nev-er grieve, I met her walk-ing  
gain, A-lone with a young la-dy I was rid-ing in a train, We rushed in-to a  
said, As you've bro't up old mem-o-ries and now we'd bet-ter wed, We're married now and

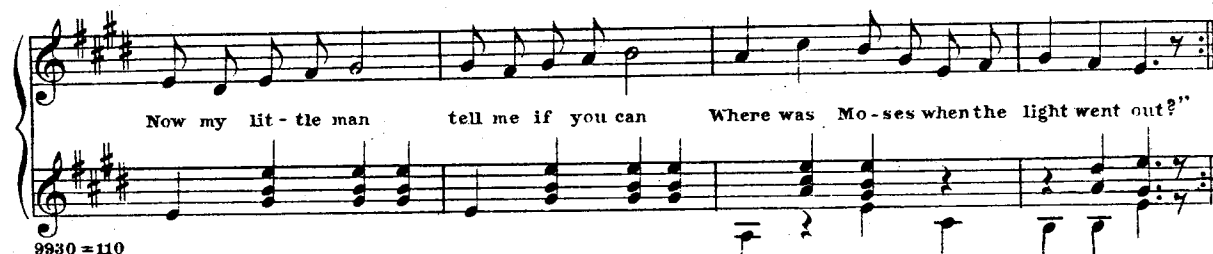


spooks and gob-lins in an aw-ful way, She'd then put out the candle and to me she used to say,  
self to sleep but hor-rid dreams I dreamed, For naughty ghosts at my bedside glared at me while they screamed  
on the street when she'd been two days wed, And didn't she warm my jacket when I in-no-cent-ly said,  
tun-nel and when all was pitchy dark My live-ly lit-tle la-dy friend gave way to this re-mark,  
six fine boys a-muse us ev'ry night, They sing this jol-ly chorus when their Pa puts out the light.

## Chorus.



"Where was Mo-ses when the light went out? Where was Mo-ses what was he a-bout?"



Now my lit-tle man tell me if you can Where was Mo-ses when the light went out?"

## TING TING.

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Now, I'm deep in  
2. One day there while  
3. The day we got

love, as I've oft been be-fore, No girl such a pearl as the girl I a-  
din - ing off chick-en and ham, I called for my dar-ling, my own lit - tle  
wed, 'twas the great-est of bliss, When we came from the church I then gave her a

dore; And she is a wait-ress at our Lunch-eon Bar, Which as a French  
lamb; I asked if she'd have me, and that sort of thing, And I ver - y soon  
kiss; We went home and dined with my moth-er - in - law, Who asked us to

"Caf - fey" 'tis known near and far; She waits on the swells, who come in to en-joy A  
bought her - the lit - tle gold ring; Three weeks af-ter that, well, I made her my wife, Then  
stay and take her sec - ond floor; We now live as hap - py as hap - py can be, My

"saus - age and mashed, or a cold "sa - ve - loy," Where are bells on the ta - ble the  
said I'd no mon - ey, no in - come for life: Then the fair lit - tle, rare lit - tle,  
wife is my joy and no trouble to me: We have by our fire-side a

swells have to ring, And Ger - al - dine waits on the Ting! Ting! Ting!  
sweet lit - tle thing, Said she'd "go back and wait on the Ting! Ting! Ting!"  
hand bell to ring, And mam - ma - in - law waits on the Ting! Ting! Ting!

# Chorus.

77

Ting! Ting! that's how the bells go! Ting! Ting! a pret-ty young thing If you'll be my

wife then I'll buy the ring And the servants to wait on the Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting!

1. 2 & 3.

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a -  
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine — on the  
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friendships de -

lone; All her love-ly com-pan-ions, Are fad-ed and gone; No flow-er of her kindred, No stem; Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scatter Thy way, And from love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems drop a-way; When true hearts lie withered, And

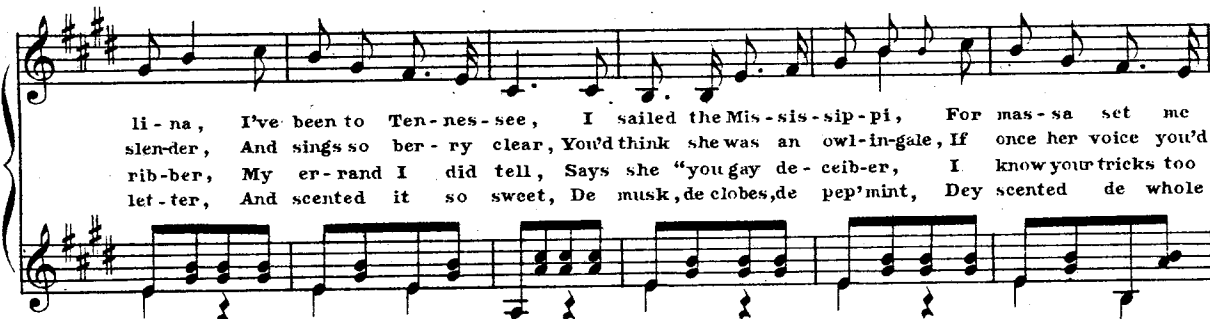
rose - bud is nigh, — To re-lect back her blushes, Or give — sigh for sigh!  
leaves o'er the bed — Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less — and dead.  
fond ones are flown — Oh! who would in - hab-it This bleak world a - lone?

# BELLE OB BALTIMORE.

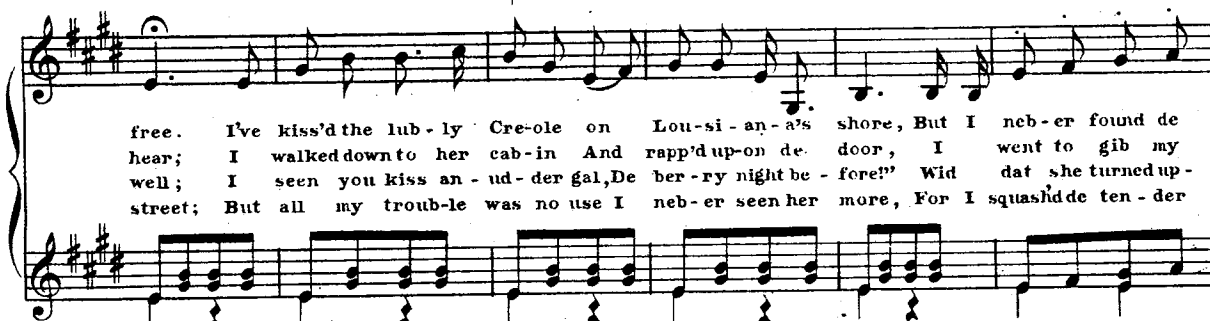
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK. B. CONVERSE.



I've been through Car - o -  
My Belle is tall and  
I found her by de  
I wrote my lub a

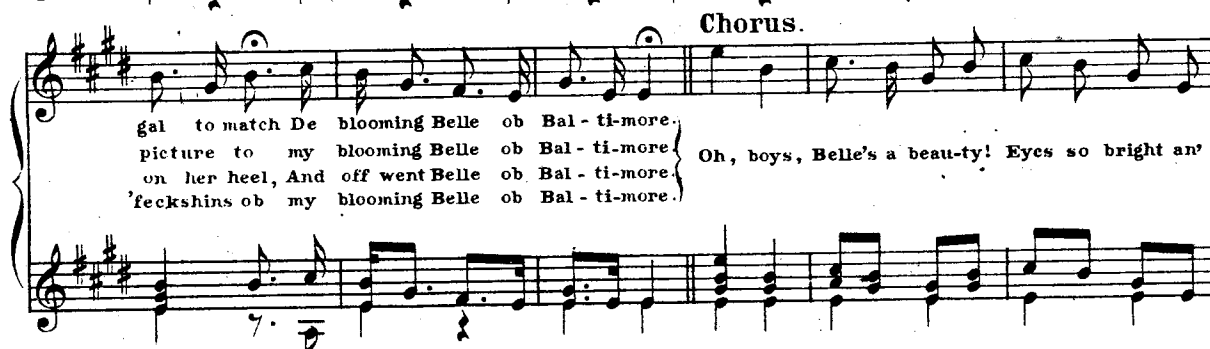


li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I sailed the Mis - sis - sip - pi, For mas - sa set me  
slen - der, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd think she was an owl - in - gale, If once her voice you'd  
rib - ber, My er - rand I did tell, Says she "you gay de - ceib - er, I know your tricks too  
let - ter, And scented it so sweet, De musk, de clobes, de pep'mint, Dey scented de whole

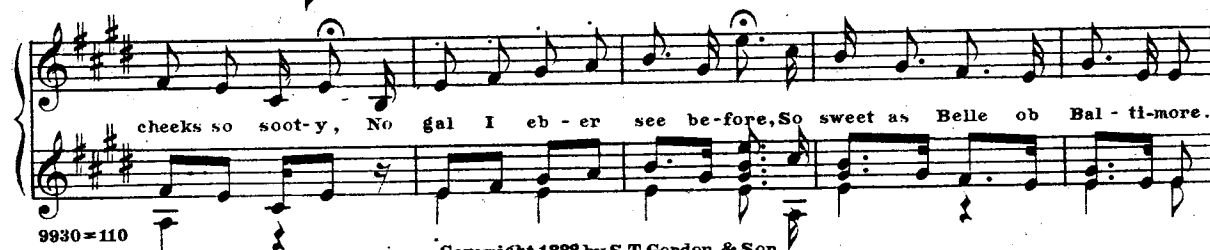


free. I've kiss'd the lub - ly Cre - ole on Lou - si - an - a's shore, But I neb - er found de  
hear; I walked down to her cab - in And rapp'd up - on de door, I went to gib my  
well; I seen you kiss an - ud - der gal, De ber - ry night be - fore!" Wid dat she turned up -  
street; But all my troub - le was no use I neb - er seen her more, For I squash'd de ten - der

Chorus.



gal to match De blooming Belle ob Bal - ti - more.  
picture to my blooming Belle ob Bal - ti - more. Oh, boys, Belle's a beau - ty! Eyes so bright an'  
on her heel, And off went Belle ob Bal - ti - more.  
'feckshins ob my blooming Belle ob Bal - ti - more.



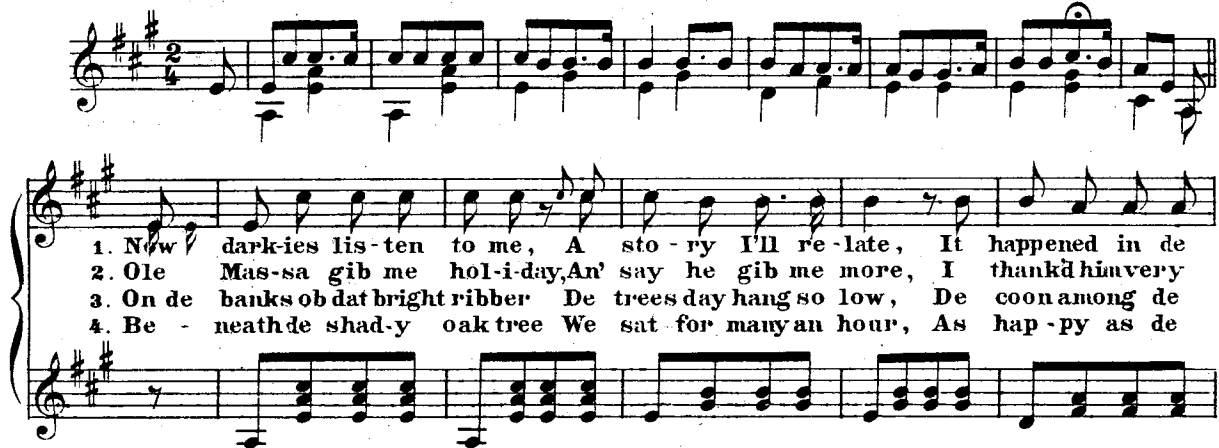
cheeks so soot - y, No gal I eb - er see be - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal - ti - more.

# DEAREST MAE.

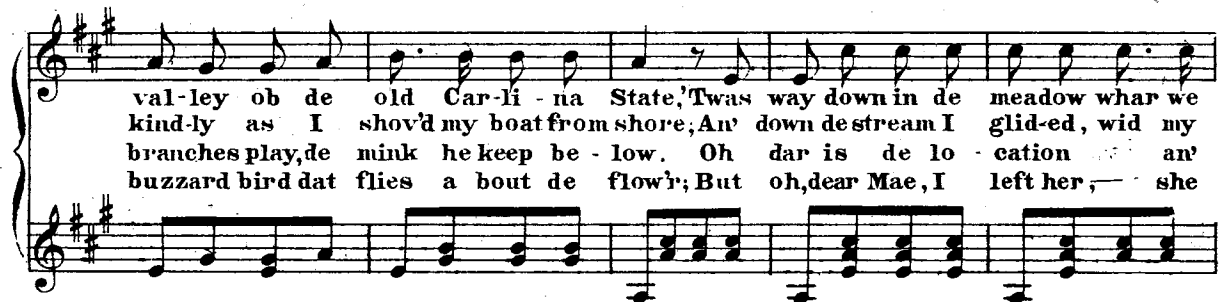
79

WM. CLIFTON. Composer.

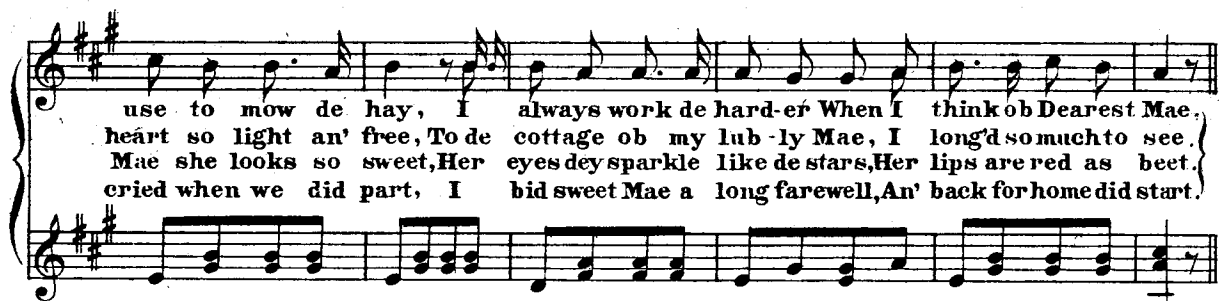
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1. Now darkies lis-ten to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late, It happened in de  
2. Ole Mas-sa gib me hol-i-day, An' say he gib me more, I thankd him very  
3. On de banks ob dat bright ribber De trees day hang so low, De coon among de  
4. Be - neath de shad-y oak tree We sat for many an hour, As hap-py as de

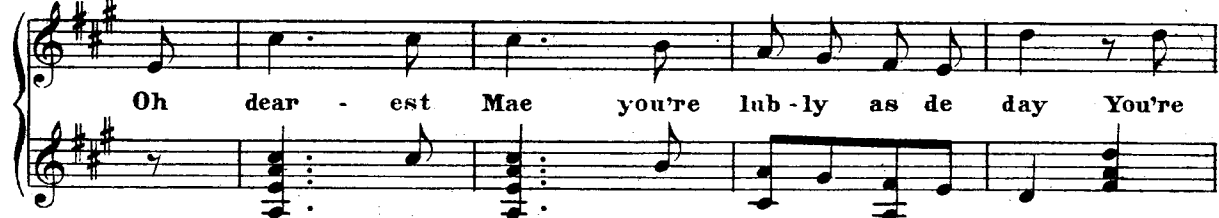


val-ley ob de old Car-li-na State, 'Twas way down in de meadow whar we  
kind-ly as I shov'd my boat from shore, An' down de stream I glid-ed, wid my  
branches play, de mink he keep be-low. Oh dar is de lo-cation an'  
buzzard bird dat flies a bout de flow'r; But oh, dear Mae, I left her, — she

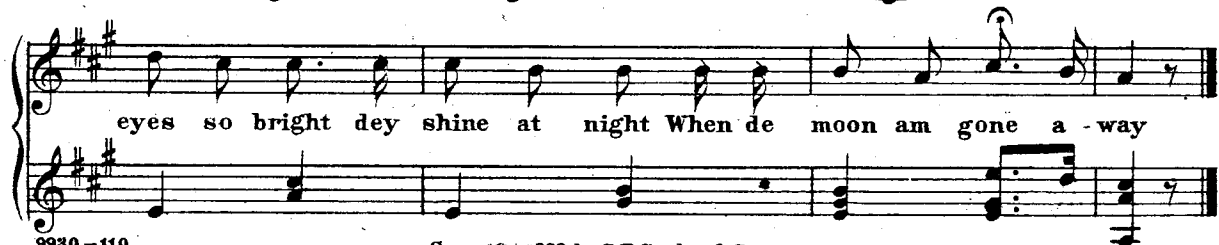


use to mow de hay, I always work de hard-er When I think ob Dearest Mae,  
heart so light an' free, To de cottage ob my lub-ly Mae, I long'd so much to see.  
Mae she looks so sweet, Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, Her lips are red as beet,  
cried when we did part, I bid sweet Mae a long farewell, An' back for home did start.

## Chorus.



Oh dear - est Mae you're lub-ly as de day You're



eyes so bright dey shine at night When de moon am gone a-way

# STOP DAT KNOCKIN.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

*Cap. d' Astro at 2nd Fret.*

once did lub a cul - le'd gal, Her name was Su - sey Brown. De

white folks say dat Su - sey was De belle ob Lynchburg town. Her

eyes so bright dey shine at night, when de moon am gone a - way. She

us'd to wake dis dark - ey up, just a - fore de broke ob day. Wid a

who dar? who dar, who dar, who dar, Wid a who dar knockin' at de

door? Am dat you Sam, am dat you Sam? Oh you'd

2nd Voice. Let me in.

bet - ter stop dat knock-in' at de door. Stop dat

Let me in.

knock-in', Stop dat knockin', Oh you'd

Let me in. Let me in. Oh I'll

bet - ter stop dat knock-in' at de door. Stop dat

neb - ber stop a knock-in' at de door. Let me in.

knock-in', Stop dat knockin', Oh you'd

Let me in. Let me in. For I'll

bet - ter stop dat knock - in' at de door.

neb - ber stop dat knock - in' at de door.

2.

She was de puttiest yaller gal,  
 Dat ebber I did see;  
 She'd nebber go a walkin',  
 Wid any euler'd man but me:  
 An' when I took de banjo down,  
 I play'd tree tunes or more,  
 All at once I heard tree tunderin' raps,  
 Cum bang aginst de door.  
 Wid a who dar? &c.

Stop dat knockin', &c.

3.

De fust one dat I see cum in de room,  
 Was a darkey dress'd to deff:  
 He look'd just like de playman,  
 Dat act de part, Mackbeff:  
 He said, he was from Africanieno,  
 And just arriv'd on shore;  
 I ax him, why he gib dem raps,  
 So hard aginst de door?  
 Wid a who dar? &c.

Stop dat knockin', &c.

4.

He say, "now tell me whar is Susey Brown,  
 De gal I want to see;  
 I hear dat she got married,  
 An' broke her lub wid me:  
 O cou'd I tink dat is de case,  
 My griefs I here wou'd pour;  
 Dis is de resin dat I cum an' gib,  
 Dem raps aginst de door?"  
 Wid a who dar? &c.

Stop dat knockin', &c.

5.

"Go 'way, you darkey dis is no place,  
 To look for Susey Brown;  
 She change her name, and now is call'd,  
 De beauty ob dis town":  
 De darkey den turn pale wid rage,  
 Like de big gun he did roar;  
 I tell him to be still and stop,  
 Da knockin' at de door.  
 Wid a who dar? &c.

Stop dat knockin', &c.

# THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

HAMPTON STUDENTS.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE



1. The gos - pel train is com - ing, I hear it just at hand, I  
2. I hear the bell and whistle, A com - ing round the curve, And  
3. She's near - ing now the station, Oh sin - ner don't be vain, But  
4. No sig - nal for an - other train, To fol - low in the line, Oh  
5. The fare's cheap and all can go, The rich and poor are there; No

hear the car wheels mov - ing, And rumbling through the land.  
ply - ing all her steam and pow'r, And straining ev' - ry nerve.  
come and get your tick - et, And jump a - board the train.  
sin - ner you're for - ever lost If once you're left be - hind.  
sec - ond class on board the train, No diff'rence in the fare.

Get on board, lit - tle chil - dren, Get on board, lit - tle children, Get on

board, lit - tle children, For there's room for man - y a more. more.

# WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR.

CH. BLAMPHIN. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

The musical score is written for a banjo and voice. It begins with a banjo introduction in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy. Following the introduction, there are two vocal parts. The first part has two verses. The second part continues the melody with more lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

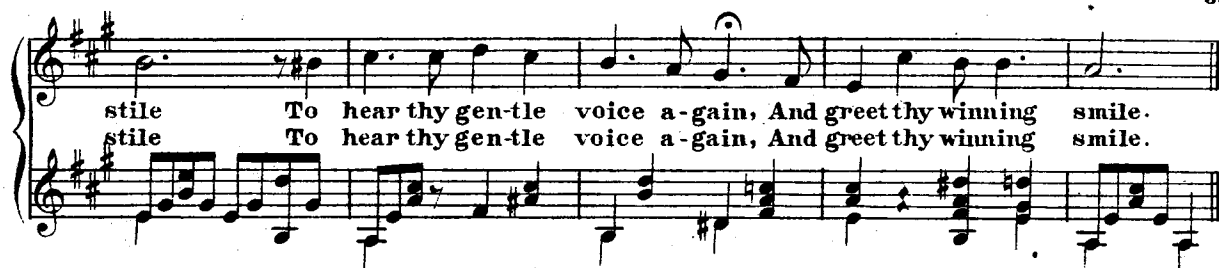
1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile To  
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-

hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy win-ning  
side the gen-tle flow-ing stream, That both our hearts know

smile. The moon will be at full, love, The stars will bright-ly  
well: Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will scent the ev'n-ing

gleam, Oh come, my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous  
breeze, Oh haste! the stars are peep-ing, And the moon's be-hind the

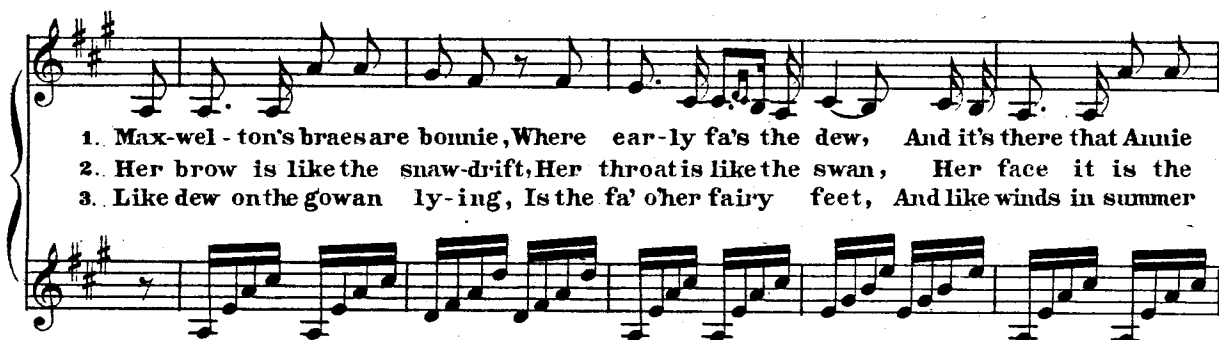
scene, When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the  
trees, When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the



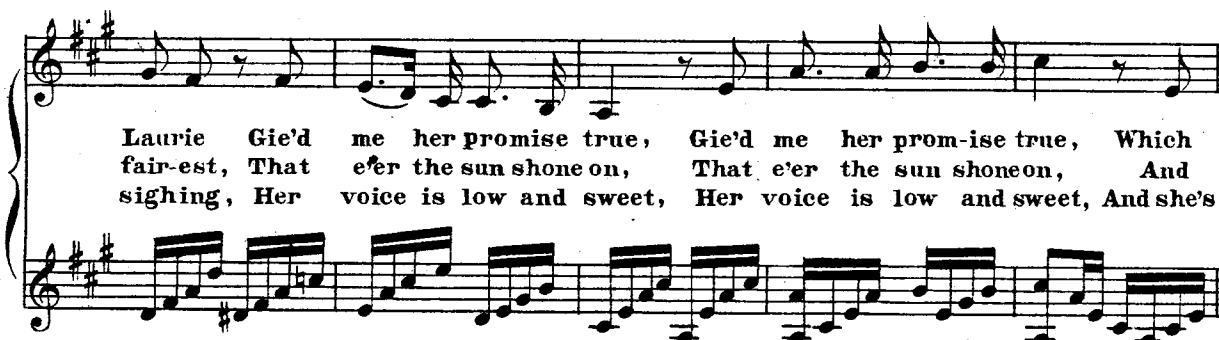
stille To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile.  
stille To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

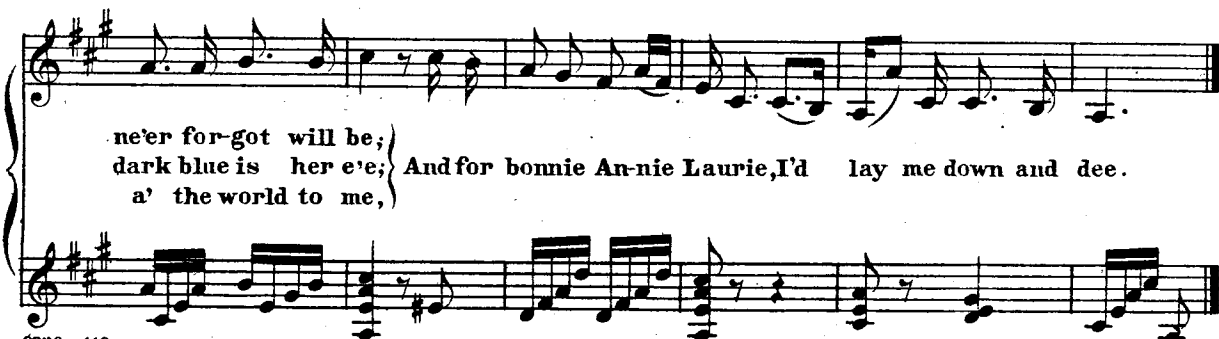
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bonnie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's there that Annie  
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it is the  
3. Like dew on the gowan ly-ing, Is the fa' o'er fairy feet, And like winds in summer



Laurie Gie'd me her promise true, Gie'd me her prom-ise true, Which  
fair-est, That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And  
sighing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's



ne'er for-got will be,  
dark blue is her e'e, } And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
a' the world to me, }

## TIT FOR TAT.

Composed by H. POUTET.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

If you cross the hill, by my  
fa-ther's mill, And walk a-long the fields a-bout a mile, By the wil-low copse, where the  
path-way stops, You'll find a ver-y high and awkward stile; It has four high steps, so wide-ly set, To  
cross it by my-self I am a-fraid. I nev-er dare that way re-pair, Un-  
less at hand I've strong and friend-ly aid. 'Twas there, one day, in the month of May, I  
met a lov-ing lad, And in my sweetest tones, I ask'd him, 'would he, mind, would he

be so ver-y kind, Asto help me o'er those four most awkward stones? He helped me "one," he helped me "two," And

*rit.* *amoroso.* 3 3

then to my sur - prise, he paused and said: "Rose, I love you!" I on-ly laugh'd: "Rose do you love me?" I said "not

*Grazioso.* *rit. pa tempo.*

I' "Then stay where you are, sweet-heart," said he, And turned a - way with-out an-oth-er word! I'

could not get up or down in my fright, What was I to do in such a sad and sor-ry plight?

*ad lib.*

What was I to do in such a sad and sor-ry plight?

"Come back! come back!" I wild-ly cried, "Come back! come back! I want to go to town, If you

*rall. con espress.*

help me over the stile, you'll gain my sweetest smile, And p'rhaps I'll tell you more when I am

down?"— He helped me—"three"— he helped me—"four"— Then, with a laugh, I bounded light-ly

o'er—"Rose, what say you?" I on-ly laughed; "Rose, you promised!" I said, "not I," I

told him to stay where he was just then, And tripped a - way with out an-oth-er word! He

did not get up;— he did not go down; But sat up-on the stile, looking at me with a frown, And

if you cross the hill, and walk a-bout a mile, I think you'll find him sit-ting on that self same stile!

# TOMMY DODD.

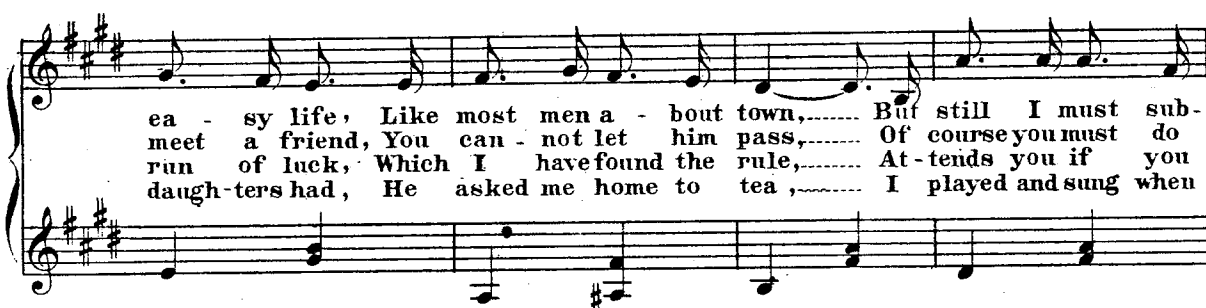
89

ERNÉE CLARKE.

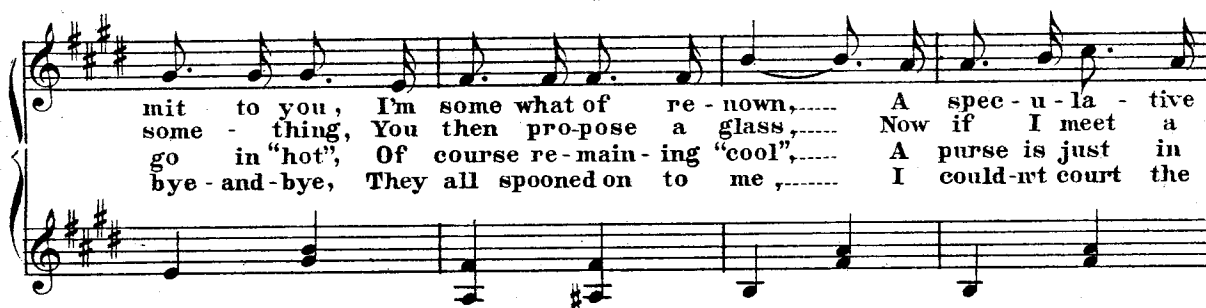
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



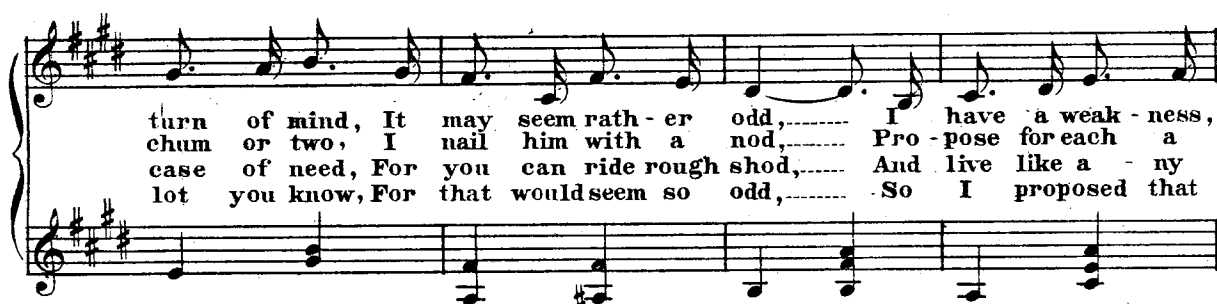
1. I lead a some-what  
2. In town now if you  
3. You've no i-dea the  
4. A friend of mine three



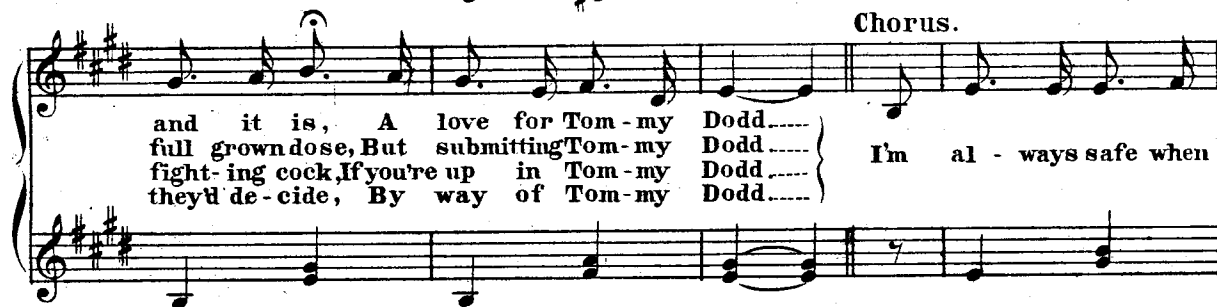
ea - sy life, Like most men a - bout town, But still I must sub-  
meet a friend, You can - not let him pass, Of course you must do  
run of luck, Which I have found the rule, At-tends you if you  
daugh-ters had, He asked me home to tea, I played and sung when



mit to you, I'm some what of re - nown, A spec - u - la - tive  
some - thing, You then propose a glass, Now if I meet a  
go in "hot", Of course re-main - ing "cool", A purse is just in  
bye - and - bye, They all spooned on to me, I could-nt court the



turn of mind, It may seem rath - er odd, I have a weak - ness,  
chum or two, I nail him with a nod, Pro - pose for each a  
case of need, For you can ride rough shod, And live like a - ny  
lot you know, For that would seem so odd, So I proposed that



Chorus.  
and it is, A love for Tom-my Dodd  
full grown dose, But submitting Tom-my Dodd  
fight-ing cock, If you're up in Tom-my Dodd  
they'd de-cide, By way of Tom-my Dodd  
I'm al - ways safe when

I be-gin, Tom-my Dodd, Tom-my Dodd, Glass-es round, ei - gars as well,  
 Tom-my Dodd, Tom-my Dodd, Now, my boys let's all go in, Tom-my Dodd,  
 Tom-my Dodd, Head or tail, I'm safe to win, Hur-rah for Tom-my Dodd!.....

## OH, AIN'T I HAVING A DAY!

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
 FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. I'm a hap-py go luck-y  
 2. To a par-ty I went a  
 3. A young man in blue soon

gay sort of chap, I whistle and sing all the day,..... I don't care a jot what-  
 few nights a-go, To im-bibe rather freely was led,..... As a nat- u-ral con-sequence  
 came in to view, And with help a stretcher he brought, To the station they bore me, and

ev-er my lot, Or what trouble I meet in my way,..... In win-ter and summer I'm  
 then, why you know, The wine mounted in- to my head,..... I had not gone far when a  
 soon the next day, They es-corted me to the P'lice court,..... I was fined forty dol-lars, but

al-ways the same, And in all things I will have my fling,--- I laugh, and I chaff un-der  
 whole gang of boys To an- noy me by ev- ry means tried,--- In the gut-ter they roll'd me, then  
 not for-ty cents Had I in my possession to pay,--- So off in the Plice van I

Chorus.

ev- ry mis-hap, I throw up my heels and I sing  
 danc'd with de-light, When I threw up my hat and cried, Oh, ain't I having a day,-----  
 went with the rest, And to Blackwell's I sang all the way.

Ain't I having a day!----- It's proper you know, I do like it so, En-joy-ing myself in this

way,----- I could dance and sing all the day,----- I feel so hap-py and gay,----- I

wish that the fun would never be done, Oh ain't I hav-ing a day,----- Oh, day.

1. 2.

4.

Now some kind friends of mine ran home to my wife,  
 And told her the terrible tale;  
 To get me out of pawn, and to bring me safe home,  
 Like a dutiful wife she set sail.  
 Coming home I got drunk, and then my dear wife,  
 Poor me, in the coal hole flung;  
 Where midst kettles and barrels, and tomato caus  
 I threw up my heels and I sang.

Chorus.

# "PAPA'S BABY BOY."

COMPOSED BY WILL H. BRAY.

Used by permission.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

*p*

1. What hap - pi - ness there is each night, When toils and cares are done,..... To  
2. When the lit - tle one is tired out, You place him in his bed,..... How  
3. And when the com - ing morn ar - rives, You breakfast ta - ble set,..... You

*mf* *p*

meet a dar - ling ba - by boy Who's the sun - shine of your home,..... And  
proud and hap - py you do feel When his ev'n - ing prayers been said,..... Then  
then place him on his high chair, Your dear ba - by boy your pet,..... And

as you put him on the floor Just to see him romp and play,.....  
see him close his lov - ing eyes When to sleep he's laid a - way,.....  
when the time does come for work You kiss him good - bye, day, day,.....

..... You take him up so lov - ing - ly Thus sing to him, and say:.....  
..... You then a - wait the com - ing morn, That you may sing and say:.....  
..... Still long - ing for the night to come, So you can sing and say:.....

## Refrain.

You're mam-ma's lit-tle dar-ling, Pa-pa's ba-by boy!..... The  
 hap-pi-ness of home, its sun-shine and their joy;..... I see you  
*cresc.*  
 roll-ing on the floor, in mer-ri-ment and glee..... Come, my

Chorus.

dar-ling ba-by, Pap will jump you on his knee..... Hip-pe hip pe hoy  
 Oh, you are my joy,

..... Pa-pa's ba-by boy!..... Hip-pe hip pe hoy,..... What do you say?..... Hip pe  
 ..... Pa-pa's ba-by boy!..... Yes with you I'll play..... Hippe hip he hoy..... You are

hip pe hoy,..... Pa-pa's ba-by boy!..... Hip pe hip he hoy ba-by dar-ling!  
 Pa-pa's boy..... Yes, his on-ly joy!..... Oh how I love you ba-by dar-ling!

# SO MUCH THE BETTER FOR YOU.

JOHN COOKE JR. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. To you that have plenty of mon-ey I say So much the bet-ter for  
 2. You la-dies who don't lace your waists in too tight So much the bet-ter for  
 3. Now if you can drink without los-ing your sense So much the bet-ter for

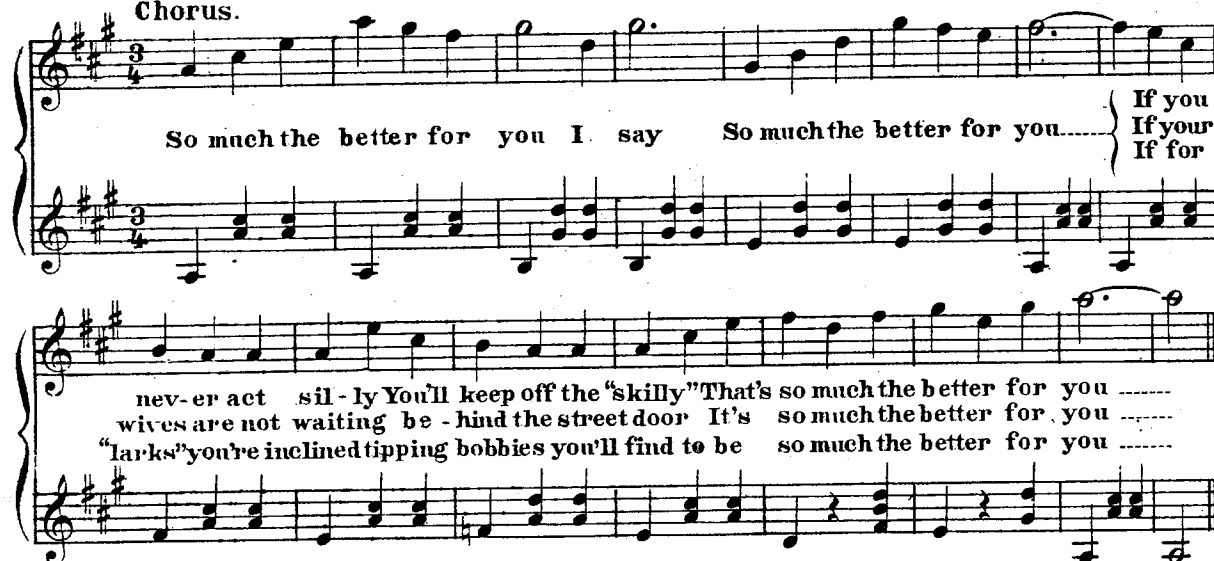
you ..... You've un - lim - it - ed cred - it your life is all gay  
 you ..... You la - dies with hus - bands who nev - er get tight  
 you ..... And if it's at some - bod - y else's ex - pense

So much the better for you ..... But you who've not much must pay  
 So much the better for you ..... You hus - bands who now and then  
 So much the better for you ..... But should you get tip - sy and

"down on the nail" You try hard to keep out of trouble but fail Still so  
 temprance ig - nore And praps don't get home till the clock's striking four If your  
 kick up a din And a "bob-by" comes up talks of "running you in" You'll

long as you're a - ble to keep out of jail So much the bet-ter for you .....  
 wives are not wait-ing be - hind the street door So much the bet-ter for you .....  
 find if you put a half crown in his "fin" It's so much the bet-ter for you .....

## Chorus.



So much the better for you I say So much the better for you....

If you  
If your  
If for

nev-er act sil-ly You'll keep off the "skilly" That's so much the better for you .....  
wives are not waiting be-hind the street door It's so much the better for you .....  
"larks" you're inclined tipping bobbies you'll find to be so much the better for you .....

## CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

E. P. CHRISTY.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.


1. The float - ing scow of Old Vir - gin - ny, I

work'd in from day to day.... A rak - ing'mongstde oyster beds, To me it was but

play,..... But now I'm growing ver-y old, I can-not work any more,.... So

ear-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, to old Vir-gin - ny's shore.....

Chorus.

Den ear-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, to old Vir-gin - ny's

shore, Oh ear-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, To Old Vir-gin - ny's shore.

2.

If I was only young again,  
 I'd lead a different life;  
 I'd save my money, an' buy a farm,  
 An' take Dinah for my wife.  
 But now old age, he holds me tight,  
 My limbs, dey are growing sore,  
 So take me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny's shore.

Chorus.

3.

An' when I'm dead an' gone  
 Place dis old banjo by my side,  
 Let de possum an' coon to my funeral go,  
 For dey was always my pride.  
 An' den in soft repose I'll sleep,  
 An' dream foreber more  
 Dat you've carried me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny's shore.

Chorus.

# MODERN TIMES.

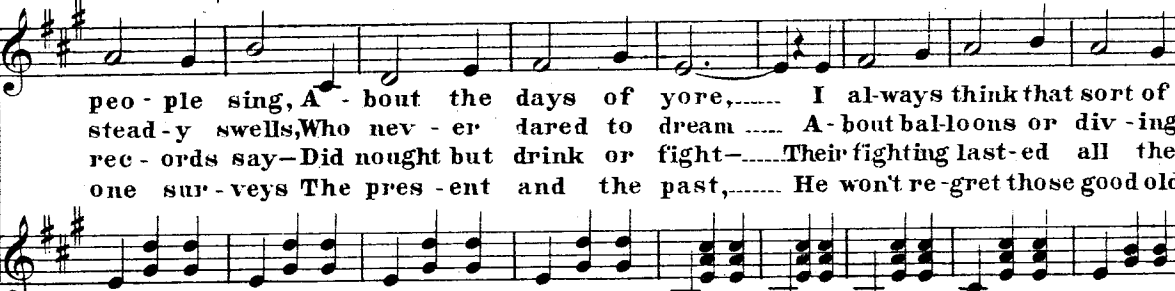
97

ENGLISH COMIQUE.

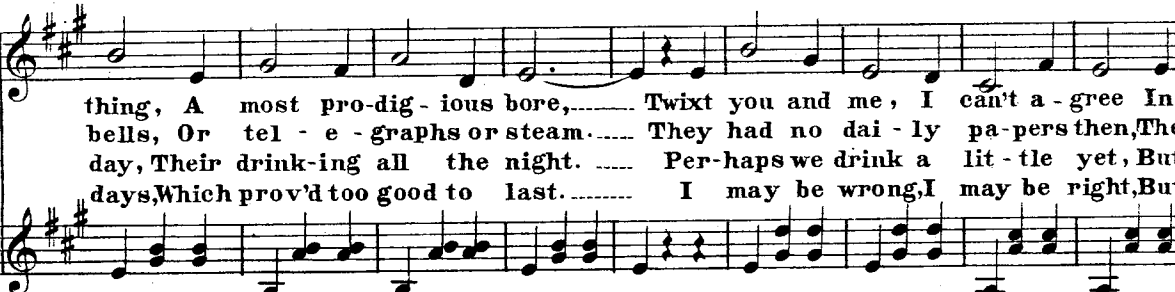
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



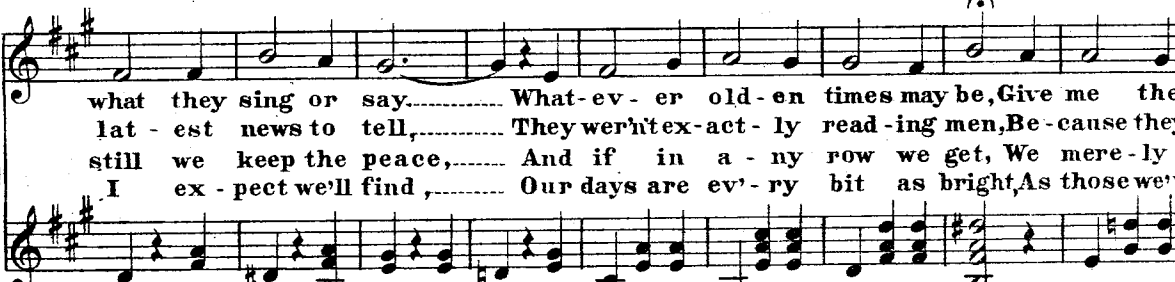
1. When peo - ple talk, or  
2. Our sires were slow and  
3. Our sires of yore, old  
4. I think if a - ny



peo - ple sing, A - bout the days of yore,..... I al-ways think that sort of  
stead-y swells, Who nev - er dared to dream ..... A-bout balloons or div-ing  
rec - ords say-Did nought but drink or fight-..... Their fighting last-ed all the  
one sur-veys The pres-ent and the past,..... He won't re-gret those good old

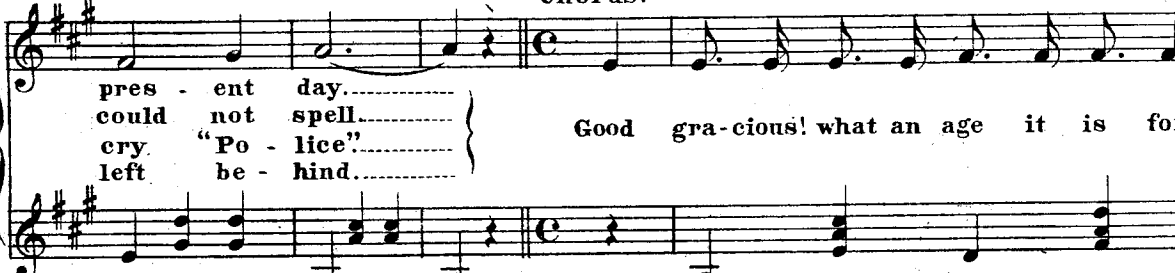


thing, A most pro-dig-i-ous bore,..... Twixt you and me, I can't a-gree In  
bells, Or tel - e - graphs or steam..... They had no dai - ly pa-pers then, The  
day, Their drink-ing all the night. .... Per-haps we drink a lit-tle yet, But  
days, Which prov'd too good to last. .... I may be wrong, I may be right, But



what they sing or say. .... What-ev - er old-en times may be, Give me the  
lat - est news to tell, .... They weren't ex-act-ly read-ing men, Be-cause they  
still we keep the peace, .... And if in a - ny row we get, We mere-ly  
I ex-pect we'll find, .... Our days are ev'-ry bit as bright, As those we've

## Chorus.



pres - ent day.....  
could not spell.....  
cry "Po - lice".....  
left be - hind.....

Good gra-cious! what an age it is for

put - ting on the steam, When great e - vents go gal - lop - ing as

quick - ly as a dream, If time could send us back a - gain to

fif - ty years a - go, Our life would be a bur - den, we should feel so ver - y slow.

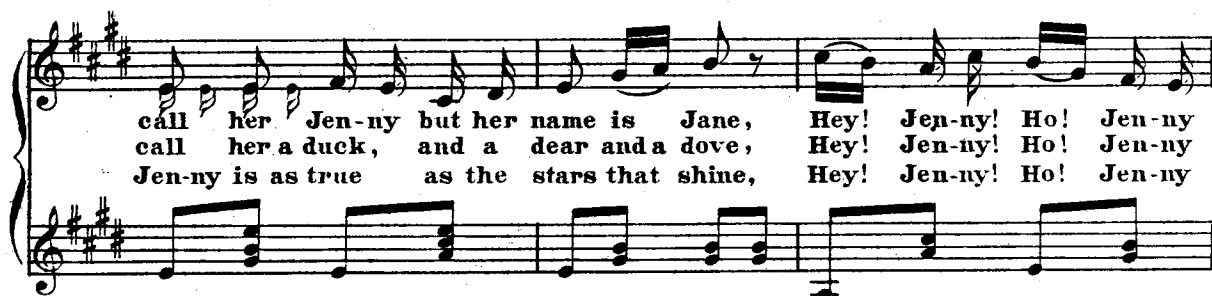
## SWEET JENNY, NEAT JENNY JOHNSON.

HARRY HUNTER. Composer.

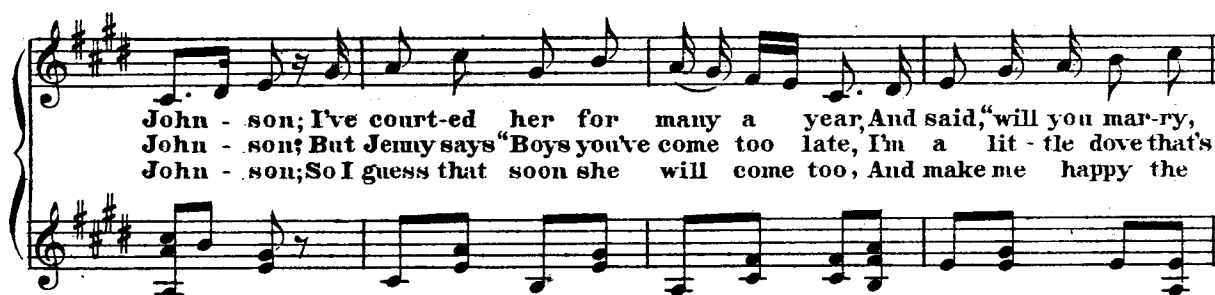
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. There's a sweet lit - tle girl, — and she lives in the lane,  
2. Oh man - y are the boys — that have sought her love,  
3. She told me in a whis - per that her heart was mine,

Hey! Jen - ny! Ho! Jen - ny Come a - long with me, We  
Hey! Jen - ny! Ho! Jen - ny Come a - long with me, They  
Hey! Jen - ny! Ho! Jen - ny Come a - long with me, And



call her Jen-ny but her name is Jane, Hey! Jen-ny! Ho! Jen-ny  
call her a duck, and a dear and a dove, Hey! Jen-ny! Ho! Jen-ny  
Jen-ny is as true as the stars that shine, Hey! Jen-ny! Ho! Jen-ny

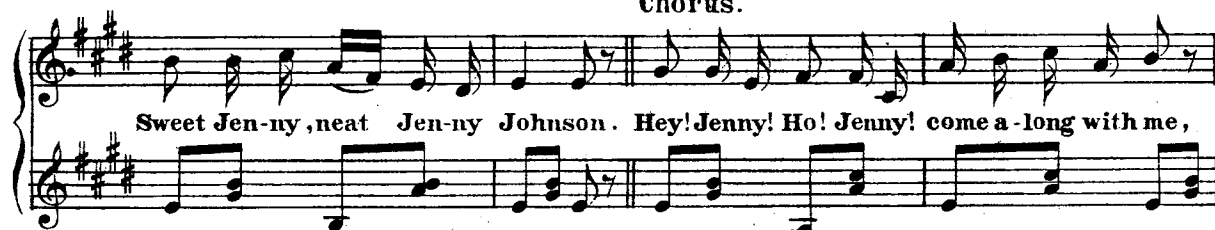


John - son; I've court-ed her for many a year, And said, "will you mar-ry,  
John - son; But Jemmy says "Boys you've come too late, I'm a lit - tle dove that's  
John - son; So I guess that soon she will come too, And make me happy the

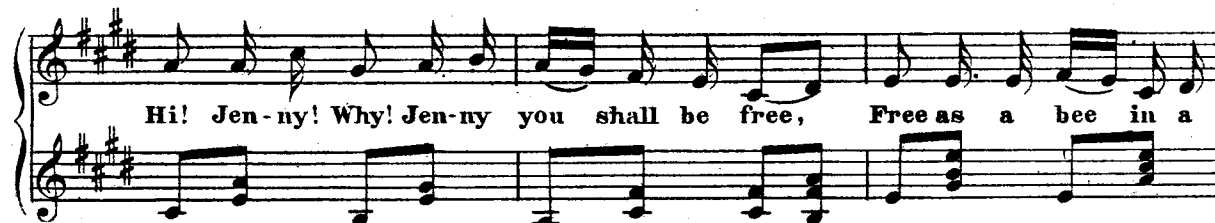


Jen - ny dear?" But she said with a smile, "Just wait a lit - tle while"  
found a mate", So bless her lit - tle heart, I nev - er mean to part, From  
whole year through, To find by my side Such a fair lit - tle bride As

## Chorus.



Sweet Jen-ny, neat Jen-ny Johnson. Hey! Jenny! Ho! Jenny! come a-long with me,



Hi! Jen-ny! Why! Jen-ny you shall be free, Free as a bee in a



li - lac tree, Sweet Jen-ny, neat Jen-ny John - son.

# THE FAIR BULGARIAN AND THE BIG BARBARIAN.

As sung by  
Miss LIZZIE HUGHES.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. She was a beau-ti-  
2. This ter-ri-ble Turk said  
3. Says he "If you re-  
4. "Fill my pipe" said  
5. Then a lu-ci-

"ful Bul-ga-ri-an Oh, such a light and a love-ly fair-y un,  
fuse I won't tar-ry, you Must be mine, I mean to mar-ry you,  
he I'll fol-ler you I am ver-y sure to col-lar you!  
quite mer-ri-ly, "When I've fin-ished smok-ing ver-i-ly,  
fer she hand-ed him, Smiled to think how well she'd lauded him,

Skin just as white as the mar-ble pa-ri-an,  
If you don't con-sent I'll har-ry you,  
And no mat-ter how you hol-ler, you  
If you won't wed vol-un-ta-ri-ly,  
With a kiss she su-gar-can-died him

Well bred, fed on food vege-ta-ri-an. A Bashi Ba-zouk, a  
Off to Tur-key I will ear-ry you? Said the fair Bul-  
Shall be much cut up, I'll swaller you? A Bashi Ba-zouk is  
Your po-si-tion will be per-il-ly? With his big pipe  
And to light his pipe com-mand-ed him. He ap-plied the

big bar-"ba-ri-an, Oh! such a hulk-ing, skulk-ing, hair-y un.  
ga-rian, "Jig-ger me, All you Turks be-lieve in big-ger-my,  
not par-tick-il-er, At an out-rage he's no stick-il-er,  
she did gam-mon it, Blast-ing pow-der she did ram in it,  
spark-ab-surd of him, None can say what next oc-curred to him,

Coarse of speech and a great vul - ga - ri - an, Set his heart on the  
 Many of you go in for trig - ger - ry, Some don't shrink from  
 When he said he'd kill and pick - le her, That same notion .....  
 Dyn - a - mite did al - so cram in it, Left him no time  
 She has nev - er had one word of him, No - bod - y has

fair Bul - ga - ri - an.  
 vile Po - lyg - er - my.  
 did not tick - le her. } She lived at Phil - op - op -  
 to ex - am - ine it.  
 seen or heard of him.

op - op - op - o - lis, Near the Ne - crop - crop - crop - crop - o - lis,

had the mo - nop - nop - nop - nop - nop - o - lies of

beaux in the whole Me - trop - trop - trop - o - lis.

## DOWN WENT THE CAPTAIN.

As sung by  
MISS JENNY ELBON.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



1 Now once there was a maid-en fair who went on board a ship, Her  
2 Poor Kat-ie laugh'd and then she cried, if I had known before, You  
3 They found out Katie's hid-ing place, the poor de-lud-ed souls, She

med-ic-al ad-vis-er said she ought to take a trip. For such a fa-tal  
sail-ors were such warm uns I would not have left the shore. Get up you fools from  
lis-tened to their lov-ing tales whilst perch'd up-on the coals, They knelt up-on the

beau-ty she'd un-fort-u-nate-ly got, All those who chanc'd to look at Kate were  
off your knees, and please to un-der-stand, It's not to a-ny sail-or that I  
nub-by ones, and flopp'd a-bout the floor, Till a card with "standing room on-ly" was

mashed up-on the spot: She was fol-lowed by a mul-ti-tude, and lov-ers by the score, Who  
wish to give my hand? Then the skip-per turn'd his quid and said, that tale's all very fine, I'll  
post-ed on the door: The ship was left to steer her self, so fear-ful of a wreck, Poor

threw a mil-lion kiss-es as the ves-sel left the shore, "I'm safe," she said, but look-ing round, her  
sail the blooming ship a-bout till you promise to be mine, Then Kat-ie turn'd her nose up and she  
Kat-ie made a sud-den dash, and rush'd up-on the deck, They chas'd her round and round un-till the

mind was ill at ease, There was the Captain and his mer-ry crew, all down up-on their knees.  
snapped her fin-gers so, Then down she went and hid her-self in the bun-kers right be-low.  
gal was fit to drop, When like a cat she made a run in-to the miz-zen top.

## Chorus.

Down went the Cap-tain, down went the crew, The first mate, the sec-ond mate, the

lit-tle mid-dies too. Down went the Bo'-sh, and swore his love was true, But she

could-n't have 'em all and so, what was the gal to do? do?

1. 2.

## 4.

Right clean into the mizzen top, they followed her in crowds,  
 They stood upon the rattlings, and they hung about the shrouds,  
 Says the Skipper, 'will you have me? see! it's coming on to rain',  
 She ejac-u-lated "no! you cad"; then down she came again;  
 Her life was one long walking match, no matter where she went,  
 The crew was soon upon her track, like hounds upon the scent,  
 She'd learned to swim a little, and her heart for freedom thumped,  
 So she gaily mounted on the stern and overboard she jumped.

Chorus.

## 5.

The latest heard of Kate was she was leading by a mile,  
 The Skipper and his spoony crew were swimming single file,  
 They were so very am-orous, their passion was so hot,  
 For miles their bodies made the sea boil over like a pot,  
 There's a little moral to my song which I pray you don't ignore.  
 Pretty girls, don't go to sea, you're safer here on shore,  
 For if Kate goes down to Davy Jones, then history will tell,  
 How the spoony Captain and his crew went after her as well.

Chorus.

# LEANING ON A BALCONY.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. 'Tis pleasant on a sum-mer night, I  
2 You're glad to leave the crowded room, And  
3. When curtains screen you from the room, And

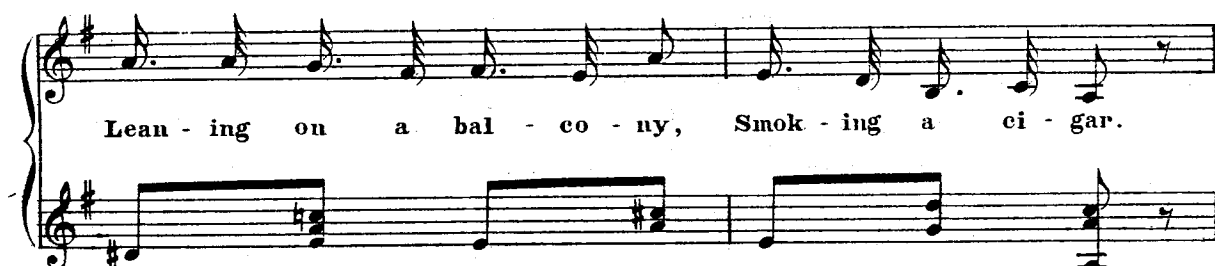
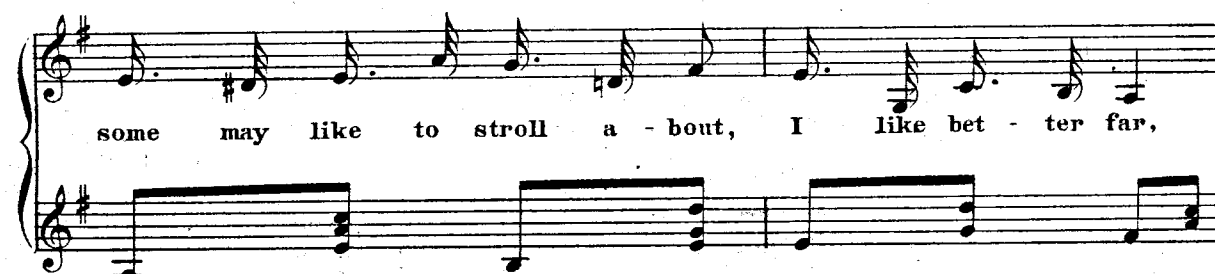
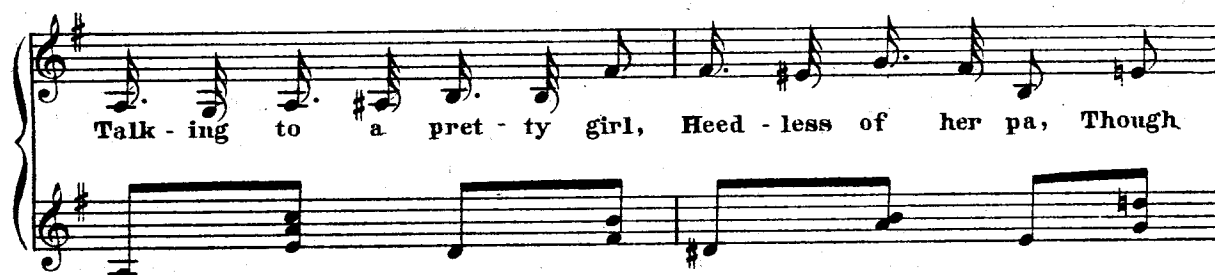
think you won't de - ny, When stars like wick - ed laugh - ing eyes, Are  
if the night be fair, To lean up - on a bal - co - ny, To  
no - bod - y can see, To pop the ques - tion qui - et - ly, What

wink - ing in the sky, With some one by your side whose eyes Are  
get a breath of air; And if you've some one by your side, She  
bet - ter place can be? The cold - est heart - ed must re - lent, You

bright as a - ny star, To lean up - on a bal - co - ny, En -  
won't take it a - miss, If in a qui - et sort of way, You  
ver - y soon will find, For girls up - on a bal - co - ny, Have

## Chorus.

joy - ing a ci - gar.  
steal a lit - tle kiss. } Lean - ing on a bal - co - ny, Smoking a ci - gar,  
nev - er proved un - kind.



4.

Who first invented balconies,  
 It isn't clearly shown,  
 But I am much inclined to think,  
 The thought was Cupid's own;  
 At any rate he makes them now,  
 His own especial care,  
 For on a quiet moonlight night,  
 You'll always find him there.

*Chorus.*

5.

Then, if you like, in summer time,  
 To watch the stars so bright,  
 What place is half so pleasant as  
 A balcony at night?  
 But bachelors, both young and old,  
 It's clear from what I've shown,  
 If you'd keep single you must leave  
 Those balconies alone.

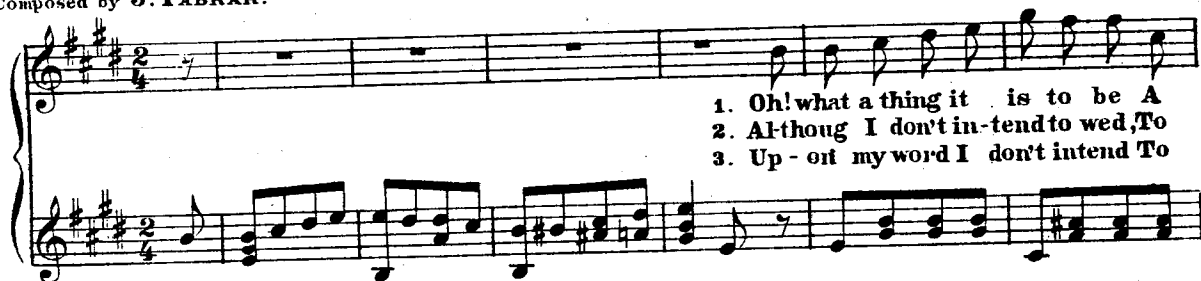
*Chorus.*

As sung by  
Miss Alice Coleman.

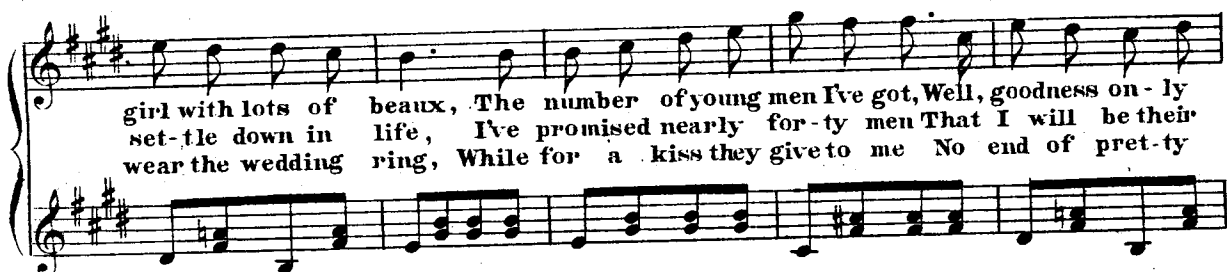
# OH, YOU LITTLE DARLING.

Composed by J. TABRAR.

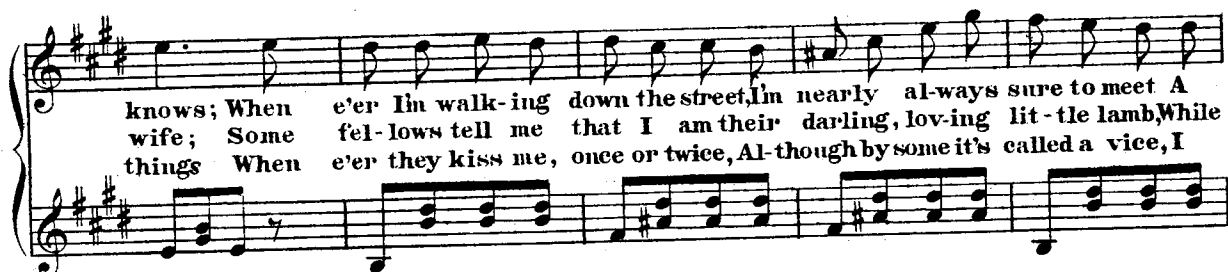
Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.



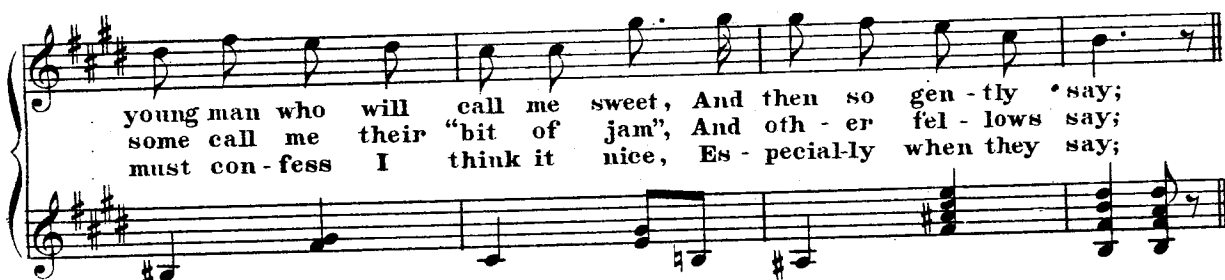
1. Oh! what a thing it is to be A  
2. Althoug I don't in-tend to wed, To  
3. Up - on my word I don't intend To



girl with lots of beaux, The number of young men I've got, Well, goodness on - ly  
set - tle down in life, I've promised nearly for - ty men That I will be their  
wear the wedding ring, While for a kiss they give to me No end of pret - ty

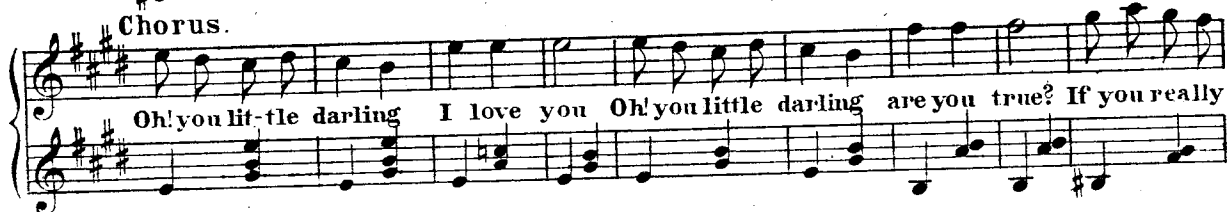


knows; When e'er I'm walk - ing down the street, I'm nearly al - ways sure to meet A  
wife; Some fel - lows tell me that I am their darling, lov - ing lit - tle lamb, While  
things When e'er they kiss me, once or twice, Al - though by some it's called a vice, I

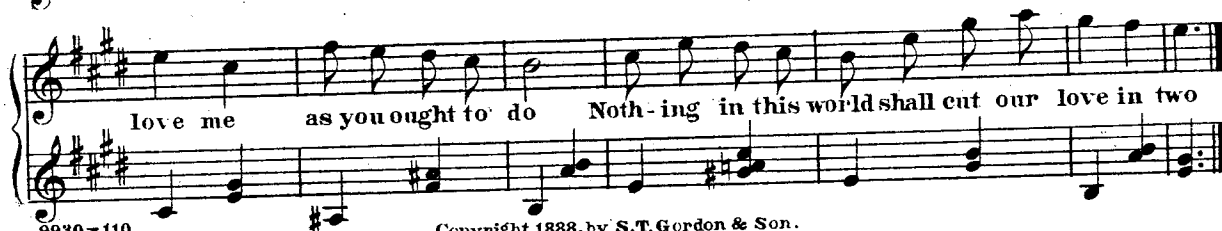


young man who will call me sweet, And then so gen - tly say;  
some call me their "bit of jam", And oth - er fel - lows say;  
must con - fess I think it nice, Es - pecial - ly when they say;

Chorus.



Oh, you lit - tle darling I love you Oh, you little darling are you true? If you really



love me as you ought to do Noth - ing in this world shall cut our love in two

# OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

107

G. LE BRUN. Composer.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. This song has a ti - tle there's no doubt you've heard, O-ver and o-ver a -  
 2. When court-ing I thought I should like mar-ried life, O-ver and o-ver a -  
 3. I've been to the rac - es and lost all my "tin", O-ver and o-ver a -

gain,..... And peo - ple have told me it's real - ly ab - surd,  
 gain,..... And made up my mind to in - dulse in a wife,  
 gain,..... I've bought in - form - a - tion and thought I should win,

O - ver and o - ver a - gain,..... I've hun - dreds of vers - es to -  
 O - ver and o - ver a - gain,..... But in less than two months from the  
 O - ver and o - ver a - gain,..... They've sent me up tips, on a

night here in store, So if you should want me to sing a - ny more, I'm  
 day I got wed, The wife start-ed jaw-ing, I turned round and said, It's a  
 horse to de - pend, And giv - en their word it would win as a friend, And it's

al - ways pre-pared with a verse for en-core, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.....  
 pit - y that I was n't bur - ied in - stead, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.....  
 won, but of course it's been first the wrong end, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.....

# SINNERS PUT ON DE GOLDEN UNIFORM.

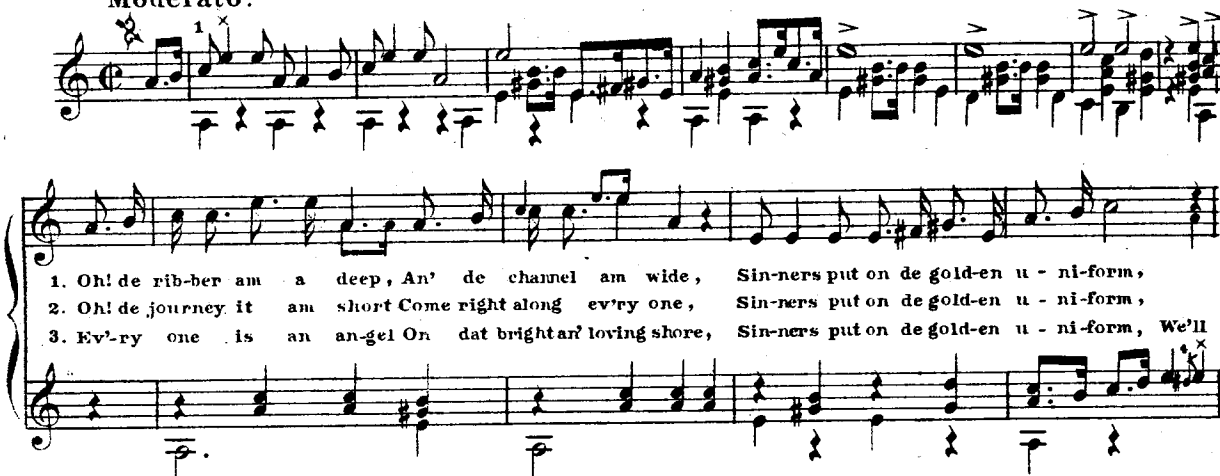
Words and Music by WILL H. BRAY.

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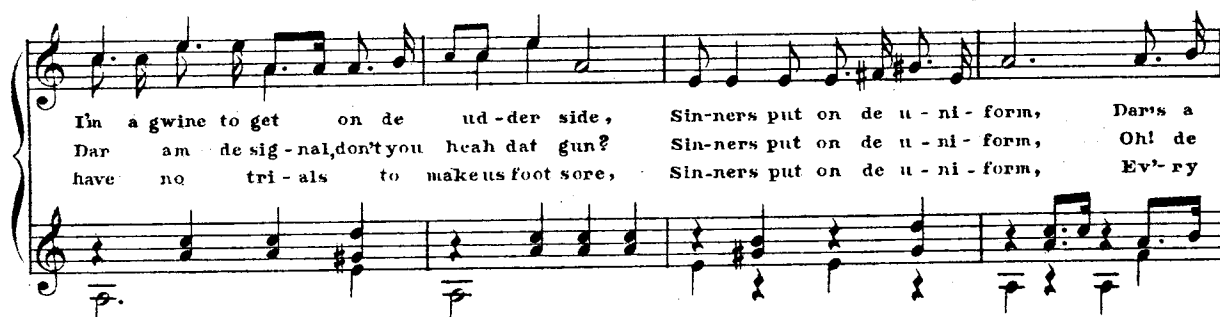
Arranged for the Banjo by

FRANK B. CONVERSE.

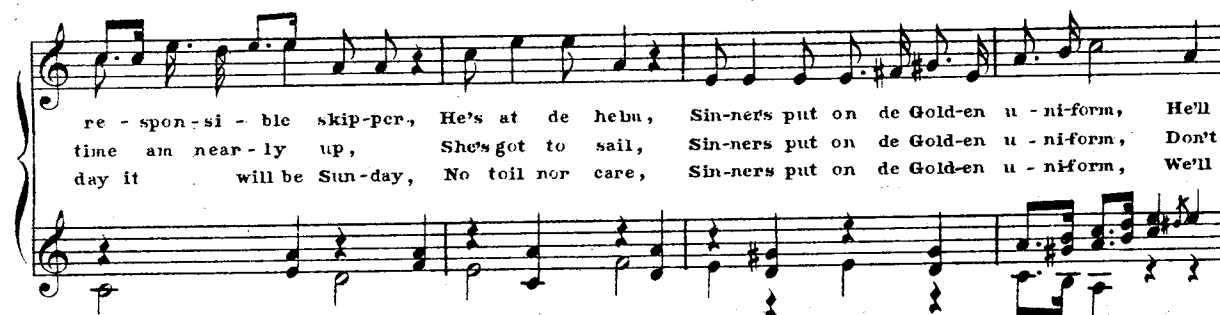
Moderato.



1. Oh! de rib-ber am a deep, An' de channel am wide, Sin-ners put on de gold-en u - ni-form,  
 2. Oh! de journey it am short Come right along ev'ry one, Sin-ners put on de gold-en u - ni-form,  
 3. Ev'-ry one is an an-gel On dat bright an' loving shore, Sin-ners put on de gold-en u - ni-form, We'll

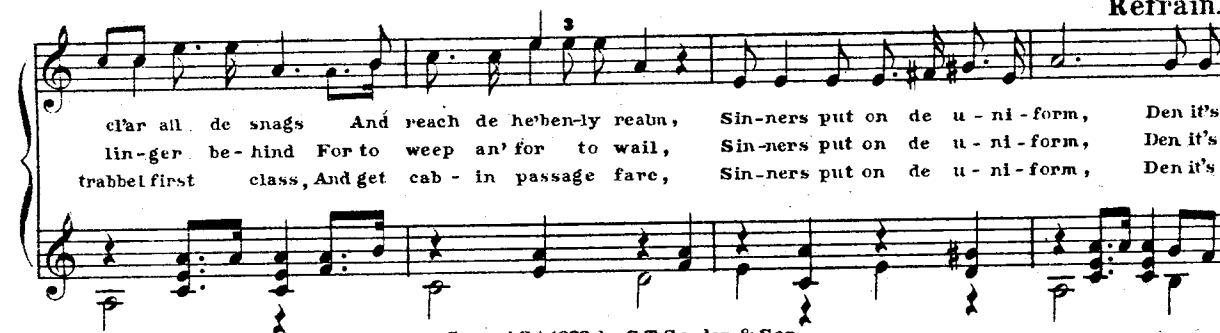


I'm a gwine to get on de ud-der side, Sin-ners put on de u - ni - form, Dar's a  
 Dar am de sig-nal, don't you heah dat gun? Sin-ners put on de u - ni - form, Oh! de  
 have no tri - als to make us foot sore, Sin-ners put on de u - ni - form, Ev'-ry



re - spon - si - ble skip-per, He's at de helms, Sin-ners put on de Gold-en u - ni-form, He'll  
 time am near - ly up, She's got to sail, Sin-ners put on de Gold-en u - ni-form, Don't  
 day it will be Sun-day, No toil nor care, Sin-ners put on de Gold-en u - ni-form, We'll

Refrain.



cl'ar all de snags And reach de heben-ly reabn, Sin-ners put on de u - ni - form, Den it's  
 lin-ger be-hind For to weep an' for to wail, Sin-ners put on de u - ni - form, Den it's  
 trabbel first class, And get cab - in passage fare, Sin-ners put on de u - ni - form, Den it's

breder-en a shout a-loud, Raise yer voi-ces 'yon de clouds, Sis-ters don't weep fo' me,

## Chorus.

Sin-ners, put on de Gold-en u-ni-form. Wid my but-tons all a pol-ished, Vel-vet

slip-pers on my feet, I'm a gwine to walk on de gold-en street: A hel-met on my head, a

sword in my hand I'm a gwine to jine de hal-le-lu-yah band. I've made prep-a-ration

dis wer-ry day, Pull in de gang-plank and make way; Face de gale an'

brave de storm, Sin-ners, put on de Gold-en u-ni-form

## LUCY NEAL.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

7b

1. I se born in Al - a - bam - a, My mas - sa's name was Deal, He  
 2. Miss Lu - cy she was handsome, From head down to de heel; An'  
 3. I asked her would she hab me, How glad she made me feel; For  
 4. Miss Lu - cy she was tak'n sick, An' mourn'd for me a deal; The

us'd to own a yal - ler gal, Her name was Lu - cy Neal. She us'd to go out  
 all de nig - gers fell in lub, Wid pret - ty Lu - cy Neal. De nig - gers gave a  
 den she gib to me her heart, Sweet sim - ple Lu - cy Neal. My mas - sa he did  
 doc - tor he did gib her up, A - las! poor Lu - cy Neal. One day I got a

wid us, An' pick cot - ton in de field; An' dar is whar I fell in lub, Wid  
 ball, Miss Lu - cy danc'd a reel; An' no one could at all compare Wid  
 sell me, Be - cause he said I'd steal; An' dat's de way he part - ed me From  
 let - ter, An' jet black was de seal; An' dar de words did tell me ob De

Chorus.

pret - ty Lu - cy Neal.  
 pret - ty Lu - cy Neal.  
 my poor Lu - cy Neal.  
 deff ob Lu - cy Neal.

O poor Lu - cy Neal, O poor Miss Lu - cy

Neal! If once I had you by my side, How hap - py I would feel.

# NANCY TILL.

111

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B CONVERSE.

1. Down in de cane brake, close by de mill      There lived a  
2. O - pen de win - dow, love, O do, do,      And lis - ten  
3. Soft - ly de case - ment 'gins for to rise,      The stars are  
4. Fare - well love, I must now a - way, I've a long way to

yel - low gal her name was Nan - cy Till; She knew dat I loved her she  
to de mu - sic I'm play - in' for you, De whisp'rings ob love so  
a shin - in' a - bove in de skies: De moon is de - clin - in' behind  
trav - el be - fore de broke ob day, But de nex' time I come be

knew it long, I'm gwine to ser - e - nade her and I'll sing dis song.  
soft and so low, Har - mo - nize my voice wid de ole ban - jo.  
yon - der hill, Re - flect - in' on you, my Nan - cy Till.  
ready love to go, A sail - in' on de banks ob de O - hi - o.

**Chorus.**

Come, love, come, de boat lies low, She lies high and dry on de O - hi -  
o: Come, love, come, won't you go along wid me? I'll take you down to Tennessee.

# THE LITTLE FISHERMAIDEN.

LUDOLPH WALDMAN.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

There was a fish - er  
She cried "no dan - ger  
The fish - er maid - en's

maid - en fair - - - est, So beau - ti - ful to see, No  
am I fear - - - ing, And with the words so brave She  
shrieks were ring - - - ing, She thought she would go down Be -

one could sweet - er be, No one could fair - er be..... Of  
sailed out o'er the wave, She sailed out o'er the wave..... But  
neath the sea and drown, Be - neath the sea and drown.... When

all the town she was the rar - - - est, And she would sail with  
fear - ful Tri - tons soon were near - - - ing, When they came o'er the  
Nep - tune came his tri - dent swing - - - ing And on his shoulders

glee, Out on the stormy sea, Out on the stormy sea..... The  
main, Es - cape was all in vain, Es - cape was all in vain..... They  
bore, Her safe - ly to the shore, Quite safe - ly to the shore..... And

*rall.*

mer - maids would to her ap - pear, To warn of dan - ger far and near, To  
flung her boat with sav - age shocks Up - on the sharp and jag - ged rocks, They  
there she sat in dis - mal plight, Her cour - age it had vanished quite, Her

*a tempo.* *f*

warn her of each dan - ger far or near  
flung her boat with shocks up - on the rocks.  
cour - age it had van - ished, van - ished quite.

**Refrain.** *p* *rit.* *a tempo.*

The mer-maids sang, Their voices round her rang ..... "Fish-er maid so

charm - ing, Heed the words a - larm - ing! Go not thus to sail a - lone,

*f*

Dan - gers on the sea are known! Fish-er maid so charm-ing, Heed the words a -

larm - ing! Go not thus to sail a - lone, Dan - gers here are known!.....

# CALL ME THINE OWN.

From L'ECLAIR.

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

1. Call me "thine own", name fond en-dear-ing,  
2. Years may roll on, Youth's dreams may leave us,

Like mu-sic sweet it falls on mine ear, Tells me of hope, life's path-way  
Hopes faint and die that light-ed our way, Tri-als may come, sor-rows may

cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near; Call me "thine own",  
grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray. Call me "thine own",

doubt would de-stroy, For on-ly thro' faith are we se-cure, Mak-ing our hearts  
all else may fail, With love in our hearts, Heaven still re-mains, Each bond with time,

strong to en-dure What lies be-fore us sor-row or joy, Call me "thine  
fresh vig-or gains, And o'er life's tem-pests love shall pre-vail, Call me thine

own", thine, thine a-lone, Name, fond en-dearing, ..... Call me "thine own"  
own", thine, thine a-lone, Name most en-dearing, ..... Call me "thine own".

# MA-RI HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

115

COLLEGE SONG.

(COLLEGE SONG.)

Arranged for the Banjo by  
FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Oh Ma - ri had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ri had a  
And ev' - ry where that Ma - ri went, Ma - ri went, Ma - ri went, Ev' - ry where that

lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow, Bleating of the lamb. B - a - a - ah.  
Ma - ri went, That lamb was sure to go.

Oh aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Get out the wil - der - ness,

Get out the wilderness, Aint I glad to get out the wilderness, Leaning on the lamb.

Rip! Slap! Set 'em up a - gain, With a bum jing jing, with a bum jing jing.

Rip! Slap! Set 'em up a-gain, With a bun jing jing heigh - o!

With a bum jing jing, with a bum jing jing. Grasshopper a whist-li-ing

"God save the Ki-i-ing." Li-to-ri-a, Li-to-ri-a, Swee-de-le-we tchu-

hi-ra-sa, Li-to-ri-a, Li-to-ri-a, Swee-de-le-we dum bum. Whoop! de du-dah

du-di-u-di-u-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah,

Whoop! de-du-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, Whoop!!!